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Mothers of Our Leaders in Israel.

Mrs. Jean Wilson Nibley.

The mother of Bishop Charles W. Nibley was Jean Wilson Nibley. She possessed great strength of character and a resiliency which met all the changing scenes of her checkered life with elastic fortitude. Truthfulness and honor combined with a stern self-repression made her a disciplinarian of the old Scotch school. She was of medium height and plump figure with dark hair and eyes of piercing dark brown. She was the soul of industry and thrift. Her natural humorous sense always discovered life to her in its sanest and most adaptable phases. She was tenderness itself to her little children or to anyone who was ill or in need, but herself an indefatigable worker, she demanded that her children should follow her example. She was very devout and loved her religion better than she loved her own life. The following sketch of her life was prepared by Mrs. Ellen Ricks Nibley:

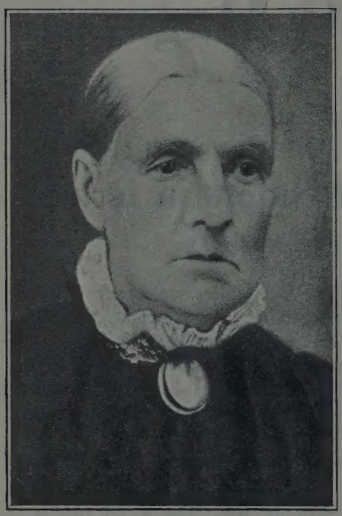
SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JEAN WILSON NIBLEY.

Jean Wilson Nibley was the daughter of Charles Wilson and Mary Chalmers Wilson, born 12 June, 1815, in East Houses, near Edinburgh, Scotland. In her girlhood Jean Wilson attended the village school and assisted in the household duties until she was fifteen years of age. At that time her mother died, leaving her and a sister Euphamia, in the care of two other sisters, Mary and Kate and a brother, Thomas.

Her father, Charles Wilson was a coal miner and provided for his five motherless children.

The son, Thomas, after his marriage, kept a railway station. The seven years intervening between the death of Jean's mother and her marriage passed uneventfully. She remained at home caring for her orphaned sisters and brothers, doing her part as a frugal, faithful elder sister.

When Jean was about twenty-two years old she met a young man by the name of James Nibley, whom she later married and moved with him to Pencathlan. He also was a coal miner. In this place, four of her eight children were born. Jean Nibley secured work in the coal mines side by side with her husband as was the custom with their associates until within six weeks before her third child was born. At that time the English Parliament passed a law forbddng women to work in the mines. Her first child died in infancy. Her second daughter, Mary, was born 4 May, 1838, and a son, James, was born on the 16 November, 1841.



JEAN WILSON NIBLEY.

About this time James Nibley with his family removed to Hunterfield, ten miles south of Edinburgh. Here the father again found employment in the coal mines, and the mother occupied herself with her young family. On the 8th of April, 1843, a daughter, Margaret, was born.

The limited income, and the growing needs of the young family, pressed hard on the mother who was always ambitious to do her part in the maintenance of her household, and she opened a small store, and displayed in the windows of her cottage, such articles as pins, needles, thread, tape, etc., adding to these few necessities, tempting pies, cakes, and rolls of her own baking. She also took into her family a young man as a boarder, whose name was Mr. Young, whom she taught in the evenings to read and write.

One evening after coming in he informed her that a new religion had been brought over from America and that this strange doctrine was to be preached on the following Sunday on the "green," by a man whose name was Henry McEwen, a local elder who had been sent from Edinburgh. McEwen had received the gospel through the teachings of Apostle Orson Pratt.

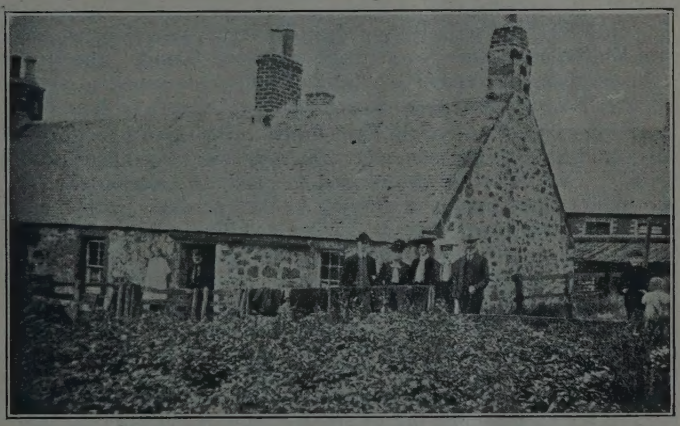
The meeting was held on a lawn,—the city common or "green" as it is called in Scotland,—near the home of the Nibleys. James Nibley and wife Jean, with their eleven months old daugh-

ter Margaret in her arms, went to hear the elder preach, and were convinced of the truth that same day, and after the services were over, Jean Nibley walked up to the elder, touched his arm, and asked, "Will you baptize me?"

He answered her, "If you are in the same state of mind one week from today as you are now, I will baptize you."

She returned to her home, and with the help of her Bible she read and preached to her husband through the following week, which to her seemed a lengthy one. Elder McEwen returned on the following Sunday, held services in the same place, after which James Nibley and wife Jean were baptized, and soon afterward a branch of the Church was established in Hunterfield, with James Nibley as presiding elder.

The family of James Nibley occupied two rooms in one end of a row of stone houses, and one of the rooms was used for the Latter-day Saints services, being held Sunday and Thursday evenings.



THE OLD NIBLEY HOME, SCOTLAND.

A son Henry was born 8 July, 1845, and died at the age of six years. About this time Jean Nibley found employment in picking and packing fruit.

On the 5th of February, 1849, a son, Charles, was born to her. All this time her father's family was bitterly opposed to her uniting with the Latter-day Saints Church, her sister Euphamia sent a tea merchant, by the name of Robert Hogg, to persuade her to abandon her new faith. She invited him in and

taking her Bible she quoted and amplified her proofs to substantiate the principles of the gospel.

He left her in anger, saying he would never return, but in a week he returned, and she continued her preaching, and finally he was convinced and later converted to the truth. He was baptized and emigrated to Utah, and was later called upon a mission to Edinburgh, Scotland. After his return, he was ordained a patriarch, and died in Morgan county, Utah.

The birth of a son, Henry occurred August 9, 1851, and on February 6, 1855, their eighth child, Euphamia, was born.

James Nibley and wife lived in Hunterfield about twelve years, and during all these years, he had worked in the coal mines. It was a laborious life. They were advancing in years, with nothing set aside for old age; but a new life was about to dawn upon them, a life that would change their daily struggle for bare existence to a gradual betterment of themselves and which would establish their children in a land of peace, freedom and plenty. To them it was a glorious reward for obedience and faithful service.

In 1850, Euphamia Wilson, Jean Nibley's younger sister, married and sailed to America, locating in Rhode Island. She wrote back encouraging reports of America and sent money to James Nibley and wife Jean to emigrate their two eldest children.

Not willing to separate her family, Jean began to plan how she could secure the money to emigrate every member of her family. She therefore determined to make an effort to borrow the money, and went straightway to the merchant with whom she had dealt for twelve years. After making her errand known, he not only granted the money for their passage across the sea, but offered to supply the family with clothing and everything necessary for the journey, without security, and to wait until they were able to pay the debt after arriving in America. This unusual incident indicates the remarkable character of this most remarkable pioneer Scotch woman. An appeal to a shrewd, cautious Scotch merchant by a comparatively poor, unknown Scotch housemother for an indefinite bill of credit demonstrates both the winning nature of her honest appeal and the profound financial esteem in which this good woman was held. She had conducted her little shop on such thoroughly sound principles that her friendly associate in business was perfectly willing to put his official trust in her power to meet any and all obligations.

Preparations were at once made for departure, and in the year 1855 they set sail, as steerage passengers, on the clipper ship, *Dreadnought*. On the voyage, they were caught in a terrible storm and came near being lost, but through the blessing of Providence, they arrived safely in Boston harbor in twenty-eight days.

From Boston they went direct to Greenville, R. I., to her sister Euphamia Gillooly.

After arriving in Greenville, James Nibley the father, found employment as night-watchman at the woolen mills, and the son, James, and daughters, Mary and Margaret, worked at the looms, while the mother remained at home, caring for her family, while the younger children attended the school in the district.

The family remained here five years, and accumulated considerable means, and out of the first money received Jean Nibley paid her indebtedness to the merchant in Scotland who had so generously assisted her family to emigrate.

Before their departure from Rhode Island they had saved money enough to buy a good outfit with which to emigrate to Utah, making them independent of any other help; and in the month of May of 1860, the family of James Nibley prepared to move west. They joined Capt. John Smith's company of Saints at Boston, in which Karl G. Maesar was a member, traveled west by train to Albany, thence to Niagara Falls and Chicago, from there to Quincy, Illinois, then by boat up the Mississippi river to Hannibal. From there they went to St. Joseph, Missouri, where they took steamer, and sailed up the Missouri river to Florence, or Winter Quarters. The family spent one month at Winter Quarters making preparations for the journey across the plains. At Florence James Nibley bought a new Schuttler wagon, two yoke of oxen, two cows, and a new Charter Oak stove, and about June 19, 1860, left Florence with the company in charge of J. D. Ross as captain.

The company made the journey in a little less than three months, arriving in Salt Lake City on the 1st of September.

The family of James Nibley were counseled to go north and settle in Cache Valley. Arriving at Wellsville, the father and eldest son, James, began at once to prepare a house to dwell in. They dug a hole four feet in depth, then with a log foundation and a covering of willows and earth, a chimney built of cobble rock, with a piece of carpet hung over the door, the home was completed.

This crude cabin served as a shelter to the family of James Nibley, wife and six children that winter. The next year they built a house, aided by the bishop of the town.

The mother and children, next day after their arrival, went into the grain fields to glean, that they might provide bread for the coming winter, and after this was gone Sister Nibley went out and did washing for the two following years, receiving for her pay seven pounds of flour a day.

In those days the Indians were very troublesome and a fort had to be built for the protection of the new settlers. The two

eldest daughters, Mary and Margaret, were married and soon after this the eldest son, James married. The small, but exceedingly rare cook stove they had brought with them from Omaha, was sold for twenty-five acres of land, and after the city of Wellsville was laid out, James Nibley built a good sized log room upon one of the city lots, and later added two rooms, which made them a comfortable home. She raised chickens, made butter and kept an excellent garden.

As an evidence of the untiring thrift and industry of this active mother, we are told that Jean Nibley dug potatoes on shares one season and sold her share for $25.00 with which she bought shares in the Co-operative store of Wellsville.

Sister Nibley acted as teacher in the Relief Society for a number of years, and was a regular attendant at the meetings. Her son Charles married in 1869, and moved to Brigham City. Henry married in 1879, and the daughter, Euphamia, married in 1880. In December, 1876, Brother James Nibley, the father and husband was stricken with pneumonia and died in nine days after, at the age of 66 years.

Sister Jean Wilson Nibley survived her husband twelve years, her daughter Euphamia remaining with her as a faithful companion and nurse. For the last few years of her life she was an invalid. She died in March, 1889, and was buried by the side of her husband in the cemetery at Wellsville.

WRITTEN FOR A BEREFT SISTER

Edith McClendon.

Dear sister, you have been bereft of one you hold most dear,
Your precious child has gone into another sphere.
You had no thought that she would be called away
Or you'd have prayed to God to let her with you stay.
Ofttimes 'tis best we know not what is designed to be,
But silent bow beneath the rod, and answer His decree.
We do not know the sweets of life, until the bitter flows,
Nor feel the need of light, until the brightness goes.

The April Conference.

Amy Brown Lyman, General Secretary.

The annual conference of the Relief Society was held Tuesday and Wednesday, April 4 and 5, 1916, with representatives from sixty stakes, and two missions.

Two public sessions were held, on Tuesday at ten a. m. and two p. m., in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall. At the morning session, there were 1,220 people in attendance, and at the afternoon session the number reached 1,556. On Wednesday two officers' meetings were held in the auditorium of the Bishop's Building, when the hall was taxed to its capacity. On Saturday April 8, two special meetings were held in the Bishop's building. The morning meeting was devoted to public health and nurse work, and at the afternoon session Home Economics was the subject for consideration. Both sessions were well attended.

The meetings of the conference were presided over by President Emmeline B. Wells. At the opening session Mrs. Wells extended love and greetings to those assembled and expressed her great delight and happiness in the large attendance. She felt thankful for the peace that reigns in our land and expressed the hope that it would continue. Mrs. Wells declared that this is the greatest day that the Relief Society has yet had and urged the members to be diligent and faithful and to place the work of this organization before any worldly pleasure. The work has increased beyond all expectation and extends now to the islands of the sea and to every place possible where women can meet and organize. She emphasized the importance of the charity aspects of the work and asked God's blessing and protection on all the members of the Society.

Mrs. John T. Caine, a counselor in the Cache stake, responded to the greeting of Mrs. Wells. She said that the women of the Society were not forgetting the charitable purpose for which the organization was founded, and were but broadening their scope through the study of genealogy, home economics, and theology, while not neglecting the care of the sick, and to look after the poor. Especial mention was made of the RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE, the successor of the *Woman's Exponent,* and the aid rendered by it to the women in their work. She spoke of the encouragement of temple work engendered by the genealogical study, and the importance of the home economic study. The study of home economics, she declared, was introducing more system into our homes. The modern mother is getting a broader outlook into the affairs of Church and state, and becoming a better

companion to her husband, and a better mother to her children, through the work of the Relief Society.

The reports of the work in the stakes were given by Mrs. Aggie H. Stevens, of Weber stake; Mrs. Alice R. Wooley, of Tooele; Mrs. Phoebe A. Brough, of Woodruff; Mrs. Louisa B. Benson, of Oneida, and Mrs. Minnie Robinson of the California mission. The speakers all reported the societies of the various stakes in a thriving condition, a spirit of unity and harmony prevailing among the members. Mrs. Robinson mentioned the recently organized Relief Society at Tucson, Arizona, made up of women who have been forced to leave their homes in Mexico because of the war, and told of their faithfulness and interest in the work. Mrs. Benson mentioned the efforts of the Relief Society women to raise over $1,000 for the new stake gymnasium in Oneida, although the membership of the stake organization amounted to less than one thousand members.

Elder Rulon S. Wells, of the Council of the Seventy, was the next speaker. He felt that the women of the Relief Society are wielding a wonderful force and power in the community and that it is their duty to practice holiness thus bettering mankind and bringing relief to those in distress. He quoted the passage in the Doctrine and Covenants which says: "You must practice virtue and holiness before the Lord continually," and said that this means faith in the gospel, remission of sins and the retaining of the Spirit of God. In this world of ours men are striving to gain knowledge of the truth, but are going at it in a wrong way. They are trying to gain it through philosophy and learning. Elder Wells did not depreciate the attainments and learning of the age, but said that as far as finding God is concerned, the wisdom of men is but foolishness. We can only obtain knowledge of him by practicing virtue and holiness. In these words is involved the whole plan of Relief Society work, the sanctifying and purifying of the hearts of men that all may be brought back into his presence. The way back is open to all and the children of men do not have to be philosophers or scholars to find it. It is being found and shown by the women of Zion. Every time Relief Society women answer the cry of distress they are helping in the saving of souls and are developing godlike characteristics. They are loving their neighbors as themselves and are practicing virtue and holiness in the uplift of humanity. The Lord is, therefore, pleased with them and their work.

At the Tuesday afternoon session addresses were made by Mrs. Priscilla P. Jennings, Mrs. Sarah Jenne Cannon, Dr. Romania B. Penrose, Counselor Julina L. Smith, Counselor Clarissa S. Williams, Mrs. Elizabeth C. McCune, and President Emmeline B. Wells.

Mrs. Sarah Jenne Cannon urged the young women to be

faithful in attendance at their Relief Society meetings, and valiant in all their labors connected with the Church. She spoke of the wonderful work being done in the Sandwich Islands, and stated that these faithful sisters are looking to us for help and inspiration. She felt that our responsibilities are very great, and urged all to live up to the knowledge we possess.

The next speaker was Dr. Romania B. Penrose. Mrs. Penrose spoke of the importance of being cheerful, and helpful to those with whom we come in contact. She felt that it is our duty to be as thoughtful of others as we are of ourselves, and if we desire to hide our own failings, let us be as anxious and willing to hide the failings of others.

Mrs. Penrose was followed by Mrs. Priscilla P. Jennings, who spoke briefly on Temple Work, and on the importance of living lives that will permit us to enjoy the ordinances and blessings in the holy temples. Mrs. Jennings called attention to the fact that the ideals of the Latter-day Saints are high, and that we should struggle continually to live up to them.

Counselor Julina L. Smith emphasized the need of stricter training in the homes of the young people. In the beginning of her address she paid a tribute to President Emmeline B. Wells and to the late Bathsheba W. Smith, characterizing them both as faithful to their work and to the Church. She stated that there are many things which can be taught in no other place as effectively as in the home, such as praying and paying tithes. The Relief Society women should care for the sick and distressed, but their first duty should be to their boys and girls. Mrs. Smith regretted the fact that there is so much immodesty at the present time in the matter of dress. She felt that young girls do not understand how to dress, and that the mothers should impress upon them the importance of being neatly and modestly attired at all times.

Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams followed in the same line of thought, expressed by the former speaker, emphasizing especially the importance of proper chaperonage for young people. She stated that young people must have pleasure and recreation, and that proper amusements should be furnished for them, but parents should not overlook the importance of properly guarding and protecting them in their pleasures as well as at all other times. She mentioned the necessity of keeping moderately early hours, and the importance of parents knowing always with whom their young are associated. She stated that we are responsible for our children. They are the most precious heritages God has given us, and we can never give up the care of them. We should join them in their pleasures and sympathize with them at all times.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. McCune told of her recent work in the Eastern States mission. While she was there, the New York City

and Brooklyn branches of the Society were reorganized and the women had received a splendid start in genealogical work. The extensive libraries of New York City, Boston and Chicago are proving of great assistance in this special work, and the eastern Saints are already planning how they can help the people at home look up their ancestry.

President Emmeline B. Wells urged the members of the organization to place special emphasis this year on the storing of grain, dried fruits, etc. With war going on in so many countries she declared, it is necessary for the women of the Church to be prepared to feed those who come hungry from war-stricken districts.

OFFICERS' MEETINGS.

Morning session, 10 o'clock.

At the two officers' meetings held on Wednesday, April 5, the roll call showed the following attendance: General Board member, 22; stakes represented, 60—41 by stake presidents and 19 by stake officers, 11 stakes not represented. Two missions were represented, the California, by President Minnie Robinson, and the Northwestern States, by Mrs. Alec Nibley. There were in all 405 officers in attendance.

The annual financial and statistical report of the General Society was read by the General Secretary, Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, with comparisons, explanations and comments. The report showed that the Society is growing in all the branches of its work. Following are a few comparative figures: Membership, 1914, 38,879 members; in 1915, 41,274. (This great increase is due in part to the fact that the reports from the missions last year were not complete.) Number of branches in 1914, 845; in 1915, 1,004. Paid for charitable purposes, 1914, $48,482.12; in 1915, $56,967.31. These funds, it must be remembered, are gathered and disbursed entirely by the local branches. One of the most gratifying features of the report was the fact that though the resources of this great organization are $536,046.29, its liabilities, or indebtedness, is only $2,004.41. This speaks well for the financial wisdom and business ability of the women of the Society.

A lesson on the women of the Bible was given by Mrs. Susa Young Gates, the special subject being Deborah. Mrs. Gates pointed out the essentials necessary in presenting a lesson, the choosing of the central thought, the introducing of the lesson with review questions of the last lessons, and its proper conclusion. She characterized Deborah as a type of modern woman, she being a capable judge, poet and mother in Israel. Especial tribute was paid to her womanliness, and Mrs. Gates concluded the lesson

with reading the song of Deborah (Judges 5). The lesson was followed by a discussion. Following is a plan of the lesson as outlined by Mrs. Gates. This plan might be used with profit in connection with other lessons:

PRESENTING A LESSON.

Choose the Central Thought.

(a) Too many added thoughts, or side issues will confuse the hearers.
(b) Don't cover too much ground.
(c) Focus to central thought.

Introduce Lesson with Questions.

(a) Connect lesson thought with lives and experiences of your hearers.

Tell the Story, or State the Lesson.

(a) With young hearers, it is sometimes effective to draw from them by indirect questions, the central thought to be presented.
(b) Let the central thought be developed rather than told.
(c) Give atmosphere and local color of story, but don't over-emphasize minor points.

Conclusion.

(a) Fasten the lesson thought through apt quotations, questions, or through a few strong sentences.
(b) If your hearers are responsive, let them add personal experiences to show their own application of the lesson.

Note. Make the Bible familiar to all Relief Society members.

Afternoon session, 2 o'clock.

The whole time of the afternoon session was given to a discussion of Relief Society problems, with the following speakers: Mrs. Amanda Bagley, President of Cottonwood stake; Mrs. Addie M. Cannon, President of Forest Dale ward; Mrs. Elizabeth Cartwright, President of the Seventeenth ward, and Mrs. Mary B. Horsfall, President of the Ninth ward.

Mrs. Bagley stated that she is probably one of the youngest Relief Society presidents of the Church, from the point of service, and that her stake is one of the youngest—the Cottonwood stake being until recently a part of the Granite stake. The first problem of this new stake was the membership. The stake officers, however, united in a determined effort to enlarge the membership and to bring in all available people. Their success in this matter

has been remarkable, and was due to the fact that the meetings were made attractive, and that the officers had endeavored to get as many people as possible interested in the various lines of work and activities. In the beginning only three meetings were held each month, but because of the increased interest, weekly meetings had been established.

As a means of being helpful to those in need, this stake, during last summer, canned 1,100 quarts of fresh fruit which was distributed, the Relief Society furnishing the bottles. Another attractive feature of the work, during the last year, was the course of lectures given under the direction of the county physician, at the County Hospital, especially for Relief Society workers. These lectures were given monthly and consisted principally of instruction in nursing, and the care of the sick generally.

This stake has a stake sewing committee, and a similar committee in each ward. During the year the ward committees under the direction of the stake committee, prepared numerous articles for the annual bazaar. In order to have attractive, useful and salable articles, the stake committee furnished plans and patterns and supervised the work.

The Stake Board is, at present, preparing a theatrical entertainment which they expect to take to each ward during the year. A nominal price of admission will be charged for the entertainment and the proceeds will be left in the respective wards. Mrs. Bagley expressed the belief that she has the best stake in the Church and the best and most willing workers.

Mrs. Addie Cannon stated that two of the hardest problems Forest Dale ward has encountered are, general attendance and weekly meetings. But when she compared the growth of the ward organization, from the time small monthly meetings were held in a little room 13x16, in a private house, to the present meetings held in a room 31x33, furnished with long tables, commodious cupboards, and all sorts of conveniences, she could not but feel encouraged. It has been a hard matter in this ward to unite the work and business meetings, as so much sewing has been done in the past, but that the matter is being adjusted successfully.

One of the chief features of work in this ward is the work that has been done for the needy children. Every effort is being put forth to see that none of the children in the ward are handicapped. The members of the Society are trying to enlarge their own sympathies so that they will be interested in all children. Most mothers are interested in their own children, but it takes a large-hearted and broad-minded woman to be interested in the children of others. There are a great many deserted wives and widows in this ward who are reaping the benefit of this splendid work.

The sewing meetings are the best attended and much work is accomplished on these days. As much as one hundred yards of material is cut and made up in one day. The finished articles are given away whenever there is need for them, while others are sold at nominal prices.

Mrs. Lizzie Cartwright, President of the Seventeenth ward stated that, being less than a year old in the work, she had hardly had time to solve any of the problems she had met. Her first work was preparing Christmas baskets for the needy, which is an established custom in this ward. This year was no exception to the rule. Mrs. Cartwright felt that one of the most important problems is the charity department. To help others to help themselves is the keynote of true charity, and to give help without requiring service in return is often more harmful than helpful. She suggested the possibility of arranging for labor bureaus in the cities in connection with charity work, where people might be assisted to help themselves and where work might be given to others who are really in need, but who are too proud to apply for help. These problems are very hard for a young president to solve, and help and suggestions along these lines would be very acceptable. In her short Relief Society experience Mrs. Cartwright had already met two classes of people, those who prefer to beg rather than to work, and those who are too proud to ask for assistance although they are really in need.

The speaker stated that of all meetings in her ward, the work meetings were the best attended. She had, therefore, wondered if it would not be a good plan to allow the members to sew at all the meetings.

Mrs. Mary B. Horsfall, President of the Ninth ward, stated that the membership problem was one of the difficulties in her ward; that there are names on her roll of many who never attend meetings and never pay dues; then there are others who pay dues and contribute liberally, but who do not attend the meetings. In connection with this, another problem is met in getting the dues collected in January instead of March. In this ward there has also been difficulty in getting the sisters interested in genealogy. The officers, therefore, decided to have stories or autobiographies of the lives of the members given at intervals, in order to stir up interest, and because of the fact that many of the people are from foreign lands and have had unique experiences, this exercise has been very interesting and instructive, and has successfully brought about the end for which it was designed.

Counselor Julina L. Smith remarked upon the subject of devotion to duty in Relief Society work.

Counselor Clarissa S. Williams spoke on the importance of transacting all Relief Society work in a businesslike manner. She instructed the stake presidents to purchase small pasteboard filing

cases where all official correspondence and circular letters should be filed for reference.

President Emmeline B. Wells, in a few closing remarks, expressed her appreciation for the love and kindness as well as the material gifts and flowers which had been showered upon her by the stakes and wards of the Relief Society on her recent birthday. She also desired to express her thanks, and the thanks of the entire Board, for the beautiful flowers sent to the Relief Society headquarters by the Maricopa stake Relief Society, at this conference time. President Wells left her blessing with all present and hoped that peace would be with us until we meet again, in October.

Mrs. Maria T. Goff moved a vote of thanks to the General Board for the luncheons served on Tuesday and Wednesday, between the meetings. The motion was seconded and carried by a rising vote.

SPECIAL MEETINGS.

Saturday, April 8, 10 a. m.

Meeting was held under the direction of the Committee on School Obstetrics and Nursing and Public Health, and was presided over by the chairman, Mrs. Priscilla P. Jennings.

Dr. Roberts gave the opening address which consisted of instructions on the care of children. She explained among other things, how germs are carried, and that when the mother, who is afflicted with a cough, nurses her babe she should cover her mouth and nostrils with a handkerchief as protection for the child. She stated that babies should sleep alone. Mothers should watch for mouth-breathing. If a child sleeps with its mouth open, the mother should make investigation at once, as this habit causes deafness and other ailments. Babies should nurse every three hours only, during the day, and once during the night. Babies should be bathed on a table rather than on the lap. Boiled water and sterile clothes should be used around the new-born babe.

In case of earache, two or three drops of warm water should be put in the ear after which the nose should be blown. For a sprained wrist cold water cloths should be used for four or five hours and the wrist given absolute rest. Adhesive plaster around the wrist will support it. In case a patient is subject to fainting, at the first appearance of symptoms, insist upon her stooping over to pick up articles on the floor. Several repetitions of this will cause the blood to circulate normally.

For nose bleed, have the patient hold the head erect, raise the hands. The nurse should then place her knee in the patient's back and have her remain in this posture until relief is secured. A handkerchief or a rolled up piece of paper placed in the

mouth under the upper lip will also stop nose bleeding. These emergency treatments were demonstrated by members of the Nurse Class.

The subject, "Why I am a Member of the School of Nurses," was treated by Miss Mary Young, Mrs. E. E. Jenkins and Mrs. Preston Nibley.

Miss Young stated that among the useful lessons she had learned was that of self-control, and the proper attitude to assame under difficult circumstances; also the sacredness of the human body. Miss Young had especially enjoyed the lessons in invalid cooking. She spoke also of the beautiful spirit that had obtained in the school and of the splendid methods used by the teacher in presenting the work.

Mrs. Preston Nibley spoke on the importance of this work to the young mother. In her own little family she had been confronted with many new problems, which she approached with fear and nervousness. She felt that her training in the Nurse School had increased her confidence, and she was firmly of the opinion that knowledge dispels fear. She expressed her gratitude to the Relief Society and to Dr. Roberts for the splendid training she had received.

Mrs. E. E. Jenkins stated that a great deal of sickness is due to ignorance, and that any study which will help us to understand our bodies and their needs is worth while to ourselves and beneficial to others. She argued that by learning the needs of our bodies, we will learn to be masters of our appetites and will be stronger mentally, physically, and spiritually.

Mrs. Ida Smoot Dusenberry gave an address on "The Mother and Child." She referred very feelingly to the birth at Bethlehem, pointing out the lack of material comfort, emphasizing the richness of faith and contentment. She spoke of the great responsibility of motherhood, calling attention to the fact that very few mothers realize the possibilities in their own children. Little did the mother of Abraham Lincoln realize the possibilities in the helpless little babe at her breast. Mrs. Dusenberry made a plea for the misunderstood children of whom there are, she declared, seventy-five out of every hundred. She closed her address by reciting Eugene Field's poem, "All Alone."

Saturday, April 8, 2 p. m.

The Economics Session was held under the direction of the Committee on Home Economics, the chairman, Janette A. Hyde, presiding. The speakers on this occasion were Miss Gertrude McCheyne, who treated the subjects, "Method of Teaching Home Economics in Womens' Organizations," "The Organization of Housework;" and Mrs. E. D. Ball, who spoke on "The Household Budget and the Business-side of Housekeeping."

Miss McCheyne emphasized the importance of choosing for class instructors in this department, young women who are willing and anxious to learn the newest and best methods of home-making, and who have the ability to teach others. At the roll call, it was suggested that, to stimulate interest, sentiments, recipes, quotations, and menus be given by the members, in answer to their names. All work should be practical and illustrative. The teacher should not try to take up too many things in one lesson. She should choose a subject, develop certain points, and be sure that all these points are clear in the minds of the class. In every lesson, there should be some written material required from the class, either written suggestions, or comments on some phase of the work. An interesting change from the regular routine is to have magazine and book articles reviewed by the members of the class. Evening meetings, occasionally, are also helpful in keeping up the interest of the class, as well as the interest of the public. Debates are also profitable and pleasurable. The speaker referred to an interesting debate, held by a Home Economics class on the subject, "Resolved, that it is easier to keep clean a large house, than a small one."

Miss McCheyne suggested that the work be made seasonal. There are some subjects that are appropriate at all times, such as care of children, but there are other subjects, which are more interesting at certain times, than they are at others; for example—housecleaning, fruit canning, etc.

Miss McCheyne urged that suitable books be purchased in the wards and stakes, in order that more reading may be done.

The speaker stated that the organization of housework simply means *system*. Common sense teaches us that in order to be efficient in the home, we must have system, everything must be planned and arranged for. Lack of system breeds discontent, and causes old age. In order to have system in the home, there must be co-operation with the children. No work can be organized without co-operation. Meals should be had regularly, and all other work should have its proper time and place. Children should be interested in the appearance of the home, and should be trained early to do their part, by learning to pick up their clothing, and to clean up after their games. Children should be trained early to work. Many mothers lack concentration or brain organization. They do things in a haphazard manner, and without thought. Such women are always tired. The brain should be trained to save the body, and to help to preserve order in the home.

Mrs. Ball explained the Business-side of Housekeeping. She showed how accounts should be kept in the various parts of the home, in order that each might have it sproper apportionment of the family income. All business transacted in the home should be written down, and kept for future reference. Looking back, helps

one to plan ahead. Whenever traveling is done by the family, a careful account of expenditures is invaluable for future reference.

The man and wife should co-operate in the planning of the home budget. They should be equally interested in the income, and in the expenditures. In those homes where money is a source of irritation, lack of business methods is usually the cause.

The chief objection to the budget system is that it takes too much time. Mrs. Ball declared that where accounts are properly and accurately kept, it takes only three or four minutes each day to carry on the system. The results of the budget system are—peace of mind and contentment for all the family.

At the close of this session, the assembly adjourned to the Oregon Short Line depot, to visit the Demonstration Train from the Agricultural College, which was side-tracked for inspection.

MUSIC.

One of the pleasant features of the Conference was the beautiful music which was furnished so liberally by talented musicians. Following are the numbers that were given:

Violin solo. Romania Hyde, accompanied by Prof. J. J. McClellan
Soprano solo ..... Miss Lillie Shipp
Soprano solo ..... Mrs. Mabel P. Kirk
Soprano solo ..... Mrs. Lizzie Thomas Edward
Soprano solo ..... Master Leo Neibaur
Soprano solo ..... Mrs. Nellie Druce Pugsley
Soprano solo ..... Phyllis Pugsley
Soprano solo ..... Miss Margaret Dusenberry

LUNCHEON.

During the noon hours of the three meeting days, light luncheon was served the visitors on the 4th floor of the Bishops' Building by the General Board.

CANTATA—GRANITE STAKE.

On Wednesday, April 5th, the Granite stake Relief Society repeated its splendid cantata.

RECEPTION AT UNIVERSITY.

On Monday, April 10, a reception was given by the University of Utah to the Relief Society delegates. Six hundred of our workers called at the University between the hours of 3 and 6. They were served with delicious refreshments, and were escorted through the art gallery, where the Utah State Art Exhibit has recently been placed.

As the conference visitors left the City, expressions were heard on every side, that this was the most interesting and valuable conference we have yet held.

Granite Stake Relief Society Cantata.

The Granite Stake Relief Society gave so unique and so charming an entertainment on their Annual Day, that they were invited by the General Board to repeat the whole program on the evening of April 5th, that our visiting stake officers might attend in a body as the guests of our Board. So inspiring and original was the conception, so pleasing and successful were the results, that our readers will be glad to hear the whole story. The original inspiration came to the President of the stake, Mrs. Leonora Taylor Harrington, about a year ago, when she called her workers together and asked them to prepare an entertainment that should be descriptive of the origin and growth of the Relief Society. Many ideas were suggested, but the plan of writing a cantata, to be accompanied by a set of historic tableaux to be given by each ward, was finally adopted. We give here the program:

PROGRAM ANNIVERSARY DAY.

1. Selection ..... Orchestra
   Invocation.
2. Cantata, "The Opened Door"...Relief Society Organization
   Words, written and arranged by Lucy M. Green
   Music composed by Ida H. White and Lucy M. Green.
1. The Story .....Mrs. Louise Y. Robinson
2. Organ Prelude, "Darkness".....Ida H. White
3. Chorus, "For behold, darkness shall cover the earth"...
   .....Relief Society Choir
4. Chorus, "The Lord Shall Arise".....Choir
5. Solo, Soprano, "Arise, Shine, for Thy Light is Come"..
   .....Mrs. Luella F. Sharp
6. Solo, Contralto, "The Key is Turned"..Miss Violet Felkins
7. Trio (double), "With Heavenly Inspiration".....
   ..... Mrs. Myrtle
   Doelle, Miss Annie Woodbury, Johanna Goebel,
   Miss Pearl White, Miss Theresa Horne, Violet Felkins
8. Solo and Chorus, "Blessed is he that considereth the
   poor" .....Mrs. Sharp and Choir
9. Soprano Recit., "Kindness, Love, Charity".....
   .....Mrs. Luella F. Sharp
10. Duet, "Gentle Words".....
    .....Mrs. Myrtle Doelle, Miss Annie Woodbury
11. Duet, "The Glory of God is Intelligence".....
    .....Miss Johanna Goebel, Annie Woodbury

MEMBERS OF THE GRANITE STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY WHO TOOK PART IN THE CANTATA.

12. Chorus, "Blessed are They".....Choir
13. Chorus, "Song of Rejoicing".....Choir

Mrs. Ida H. White, Organ. Miss Edith Horne, Piano.
Mrs. Lucy M. Green, Director.

Recitation .....Mrs. George Goff

Ladies' Quartette, Mrs. Ida White, Pearl White, Theresa Horne, Violet Felkins.

Tableau.

1. The First Relief Society.....Waterloo Ward
2. Five Presidents, 1843 to 1916, Emma Smith, E. R. Snow, Zina D. H. Young, Bathsheba Smith, Emmeline B. Wells ..... Farmers Ward
3. Woman's Greatest Mission, "Motherhood".....Wilford
   Relief Society Activities.
4. The Teachers' "Musical Tableau".....East Mill Creek
5. The Wheat Gathering.....Miller
6. Relief Society Nurses.....Parley's
7. Art ..... Sugar
8. Genealogy .....Emerson
9. "Saving the Babies" .....Richards
10. Relief Society Aiding the Nations.....Burton
11. A Twentieth Century Relief Society.....Forest Dale
12. Watch for last tableau (something good).....
    .....Mrs. Mary M. Silver, Ellen R. Clark, Eliz. Allan Dancing.

The words of the cantata illustrate the thought of the author in placing before the hearers the processional history of this greatest of all of women's movements. The music was exceptionally good. When it is remembered that it was prepared by two women who have had but the most elementary training in music, and little in harmony and composition, the whole cantata is a marvel of achievement. The numbers were all attractive and melodic, while the rendition was superior in every sense. Sister Green, who handled the baton, showed herself a musician of great native ability. The orchestra was a pleasing feature of the work and the white-robed choir of ninety voices, of whom forty-eight were grandmothers, was a delightful vision.

Professor B. Cecil Gates, who attended the entertainment for the purpose of hearing the cantata, expressed unusual pleasure at the rendition and at the music itself. He stated that it was a remarkable achievement, the music being melodic and gracefully conceived, and as a type of the old-fashioned and simple cantata form, the piece merited much praise, and he could recommend it to all our local choirs.

The leader and author of the cantata, Lucy May Hilton Green, was born with a love of music and especially Church and sacred music. From earliest childhood she was in the Sunday School choirs and naturally graduated into the Church choirs. She was born in England, married to Thomas E. Green, in 1901. They have one son. She joined the Church in Glasgow, Scotland, and at the age of 15 was set apart as secretary of the Relief Society of Glasgow. She led the singing and when out with the elders helped in their street meetings. She was secretary and chorister of Jordan stake Primary Board for two years, and has

LUCY MAY HILTON GREEN.

IDA HORNE WHITE.

acted in every one of the organizations. She was a singer in the Salt Lake Temple Choir for years. She has had some vocal training and piano lessons in her early teens, but has always been singing in Church choirs and oratorio societies. She came to Utah in 1897. She has been chorister of the Granite stake Relief Society for eleven years.

Mrs. Ida Horne White, who composed the music, assisted by Sister Green, has also been engaged in musical matters since her childhood. She was organist in the Primary when quite a child, and was ward organist for over twelve years, when she was called as the organist of the Relief Society of Granite stake. She studied piano with Mrs. Agnes Dahlquist Beckstrand, of this

city, and had some elementary harmony and piano lessons with Professor Alfred M. Durham of the Murdock Academy. She also had vocal lessons from Madam Swenson.

The wonder is not that women could produce such work, but that in spite of all their many cares and burdens and with so few opportunities, these sisters have persisted in their struggle for achievement and have succeeded.

The story of the development of the Relief Society was told by Mrs. Louie Y. Robinson, whose recital was interesting and whose manner was dignified and appealing. The story showed that the lady had spent a great deal of time and effort in securing her facts and items, and her share of the program was indeed one of the most important parts. The tableaux were artistically conceived and most beautifully developed. They certainly surpassed anything of the kind ever given locally. We thought the one on genealogy was the best of them all, yet others preferred different ones, and when all were so good it would be invidious to make decisions. We trust our sisters everywhere will appreciate this suggestion for the development of our musical and artistic growth.

THE CROSS.

I made the cross myself, whose weight
Was later laid on me;
This thought is torture, as I climb
Up life's steep Calvary.

To think my own hand drove the nails,
I sang a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had
To make it firm and strong.

If I had guessed, if I had dreamed
Its weight was meant for me,
I would have made a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary.

—Selected.

Beyond the Portals.

Laura Moench Jenkins.

A joyful commotion pervaded the atmosphere, throughout the mansion, where dwell the unborn spirits, who are waiting to assume mortality and become daughters of Eve. Every face beamed with happiness, as the door opened to admit the heavenly Mother-Queen of queens. Her's was the embodiment of perfect womanhood, and as she gazed on her spirit children, mother love was seen in all its ardor and purity. But there was the reflection of another emotion in that beautiful countenance and one could read at a glance, that the heavenly Mother was no stranger to grief.

Ah, no, the annals of heaven chronicled her anguish when her princely son Lucifer rebelled against his allwise and eternal Father, leading with him one third of her spirit children.

Oh, struggling mortals! hoping, trusting and fearing: be not deceived—think not that in the world of Immortality, sorrow is unknown, for the heart of the great Father is scarred by poignant pangs, and even the angels weep.

"Greetings, my daughters." Her voice was as musical as the zephyr of the early morn. "My soul is thrilled with pleasure as I look on your lovely face. Would that I might keep you with me always; gladly would I bear the burdens of mortality for you all, but that would make futile the plans of your kind and gracious Father, who desires our children to become gods and goddesses, with the opportunity of eternal progression. It has been decided in the Council, by the Father, that I shall choose from your numbers, those whom I shall send to earth. Elohelia and Dorcia, 'tis your turn to go. Come with me to my chamber; there will I equip you for your mission to earth."

Farewells were spoken, and soon two lovely maidens, from out the vast assembly knocked at the sanctum of the queen Mother. The door was opened by her own hand.

"Enter, daughters," requested her melodious voice, "I am waiting for you."

Radiant were their faces as they stood before her to receive their commissions.

"Choose from my gifts those which you desire to take with you to earth.

"Elohelia, thou art the elder; thy choice is first."

Silence for a moment—each stood in deep meditation.

"Speak, Elohelia! Make known your desires, my daughter."

Encouraged by those gentle tones, Elohelia advanced lovingly to her side.

"Mother, dearest!" she exclaimed, "give unto me the gift of integrity and love that I may carry joy to the home where I shall enter and be made welcome."

"Thine it shall be, daughter, and thy home shall be amongst the chosen seed of Israel. Thou shalt be both wise and good. Thy words shall bear eternal truths to the hearts of thy brethren and sisters sojourning upon the earth."

"Dorcia, speak thy wish."

"Music is my choice, most generous mother; let me sing to your children on earth, the strains we have heard from your voice, in our own lovely home in heaven," replied Dorcia.

"Sing, my child, sing," granted the mother, "and thy melodies shall bring comfort to the broken-hearted, and draw the wayward to the better life. But thy going into a gifted line must be dependent on thy future mother's choice. Not all my earth-daughters are true to their covenants. But I will do my best."

"And now, my daughters, forget not the duty you owe to your brethren and sisters who are waiting here in the spirit world, for the opportunity you now have, to enter the world your Father has formed, and receive material bodies, without which, there is for them no advancement."

She then beckoned to her side two mature spirits, women who had been awaiting her pleasure in another part of the room.

"Mary!" As she spoke, a woman advanced, in whose noble face lines of experience were plainly visible. "In thy guardian care I place thy sister Elohelia; thy earthly career has prepared thee for the trust. Leave her not, I charge thee, until her spirit returns to my presence."

"Sarah!" Another woman of mature years stepped forward. "I entrust Dorcia unto thee. Guard her footsteps through life, at its finish report to me. In the world of sin and sorrow, my daughters, protect your sisters, comfort them in the sufferings and afflictions of mortality, whisper words of wisdom when reason's voice is still. Go now, my daughters. Adieu! Adieu!"

Transmitted on ethereal wings, four personages soon stood at earth's massive portals, awaiting permission to cross the Bridge of Life; suspended o'er the great chasm called "Death," connecting mortality with immortality. Passwords were exchanged with angel sentries, and the little party entered earth's uttermost boundary.

"Now, my sisters," softly spoke the voice of guardian angel Mary, "our ways must part. Elohelia, and Dorcia, we your guardian angels, will lead you whither you are to go; and guide you through your lives, as our Mother hath commanded; but

should you meet on earth, you will be strangers. God speed you both."

"God speed!" they replied, and each, under the guidance of her angel protectress, took her separate course.

* * * * * * * *

In her pretty little sitting room sat Helen Maxwell, leisurely embroidering a piece of creamy white flannel. Her face wore an expression of perfect happiness and contentment. Six months had passed since she had come to make her home in this cozy cottage, the bride of Edwin Maxwell.

Suddenly footsteps were heard on the porch and her friend Sylvia Gardiner bounded in.

"So here you are, Helen! I looked for you on the porch. How well you look in your new cap! No wonder Edwin thinks his wife so charming. Sakes alive! Why are you embroidering flannel on a hot day? O Helen! what a dear little baby skirt. Is it possible you are going to need this? No wonder you are so contented in here by yourself." Sylvia dropped dreamily into a rocker by Helen's side.

"O Sylvy, I'm so glad you came. I have wanted you to know, but I hardly liked to tell you. It is a very new hope I have, but very lovely," said Helen, modestly.

"You will make a lovely little mother, Helen, but it seems so strange, and yet I have often pictured you with a baby in your arms. But I must go; I just ran in for a minute to let you know that I am soon to be married. You see, I came to tell you my secret and surprised yours. Ha! ha!" And Sylvia laughed merrily.

'O Sylvy!" exclaimed the youthful matron, "I am so pleased. Of course, Frank Barton is the happy man, and he's such a fine young man you cannot help but be happy."

"Well, I have told my news, now I must be going. I have an appointment this evening." And Sylvia sprang lightly to her feet.

"Oh, don't be in a hurry," remonstrated her friend.

"I must! Indeed I must! So, *au revoir!*" and away tripped the happy girl through the open door before Helen could make reply.

The embroidery lay untouched in her lap, and she sat for some time, lost in reflection.

"Six o'clock," she cried, in alarm, "how the afternoon has flown! Edwin will be here in just one-half hour to supper. I must lay my work away and commence at once." With a gentle caress, she folded the little article she had been embroidering so lovingly, laid it away and hastened to the kitchen to prepare the evening meal; that the tired, hungry young husband might find

the usual tempting repast in readiness when he returned from his daily labors.

The table was soon daintily laid for two, and the stalwart form of Edwin Maxwell stood in the doorway. The young wife flew to her husband's embrace, but the two personages who were so near to them both, they saw not.

"This woman is to be your mother, Elohelia," quoth Mary, as the two invisible beings entered the Maxfield kitchen, "and this is your father."

"O Mary!" joyfully exclaimed Elohelia, "I know them both; they are the companions I loved so well in our spirit home, before they went away to earth."

"They are the same, dear child, and will love you on earth as they loved you in heaven," replied the older woman.

"O Mary! may I kiss them both as they sit here together," cried Elohelia softly.

"Certainly, my dear, but they will never realize it. When you enter your body, in a few short months, you will be able to caress them as they do each other now."

"How happy I shall be to have a body," exclaimed Elohelia. "Mary, you had a body once, did you not?"

"Yes," replied the woman quietly.

"Where is it now?" queried Elohelia.

"My body has returned to the elements from whence it was taken, there to remain, until the time comes for me to receive it again," the older personage replied.

"Can I remain with my mother until the time comes for me to receive my body?" again questioned the girl to be.

"Yes, dear," granted the protectress, "you must be here within her body all the time, but while she may feel your presence, she will never know just how you look until you have left your home in her body.

* * * * * * * *

Months passed. Helen Maxwell bore her suffering, as only a patient, expectant mother can. There was always with her, however, an invisible presence which breathed comfort and happiness to her soul, even in her most miserable hours.

At length, the time had come for her deliverance, and she lay upon her bed, her lovely face drawn with pain and suffering. By her side stood the young husband, his face tense and set.

O'er the bed, unseen by mortal eyes, hovered a personage, who constantly appealed to the Father in heaven, in behalf of the sufferer there.

"Oh, why must my coming into the world cause a mother so much suffering?" thought the guardian angel. But instantly she answered her own question: "Tis the punishment for sin, placed upon all the daughters of Eve. But my lovely Elohelia

will bring her joy to atone for what she is now enduring that she may live upon the earth. And now, Elohelia will see my face no more; but she must remember that I am with her always even unto the end," sweetly whispered guardian angel Mary to herself as the last agony passed, and the child was born into the world. Born into a home where love, peace and righteousness prevailed, and where the baby was welcomed as an angel from heaven, which indeed Elohelia really was. She had her wish and love and service would be her portion.

* * * * * * * *

It was a pleasant afternoon in early summer. The large elms in front of the Carlin mansion cast a delightful shade over the lawns and shrubberies. A soft breeze from the west fanned perfume through the air as it gently frolicked with the roses.

Two humming-birds were noisily playing at hide and seek, through the honeysuckle vine, which grew over one side of the north veranda, where young Mrs. Carlin reclined languidly in a hammock. Ill and despondent she looked, her disheveled appearanace a sorry contrast to her beautiful surroundings.

She had suddenly been taken ill at the ball, the evening before, while dancing; the young husband hurried her home with all speed and hastily summoned a physician, who applied restoratives, and advised absolute quiet and rest. He had called again this morning, but his diagnosis had brought forth strong resentment from his patient.

"I do not wish to become a mother," she had cried, petulantly when he told her of her condition. "Can you, will you not do anything for me?"

"What do you mean?" he enquired sternly, and then added, more gently: "I will do all I can to improve your health and alleviate your suffering. I can do no more. You have no reason for dreading motherhood; you are young, and in perfect health, and financially able to support a large family in comfort. I am certain nothing would add more to the haappiness of Dwight Carlin, than to become a father."

"A father indeed!" she exclaimed bitterly. "What of me? You men are absolutely brutal; what do you care for the suffering of my sex if you become fathers? I will never go through it, Dr. Milton! I never will."

"You will feel differently, Edith, when you talk this over with Dwight," he replied quietly, preparing to take his departure, "you are unnerved now, absolute rest is what you need. I will call again tomorrow and I think you will be feeling better. Good morning!"

"Good by, Dr. Milton! but don't trouble about calling again, until I send for you," she called after his retreating form.

"As you please," he replied quietly, and was gone.

His office was in the same building as Dwight Carlin's law office. As he passed the open door, seeing the young husband alone, he stepped in for a moment's conversation.

Dwight must have been pleased with what the doctor told him, for his face was wreathed in smiles.

"Give her every attention, doctor," he said, feelingly; "remember, I shall spare nothing to bring her and the babe through safely. I am not very busy this morning, and my machine is in the street. I'll just take a spin home before long and cheer her up a bit."

"It would be a good idea, Dwight; she seemed somewhat despondent when I left," the doctor replied.

So it happened in a remarkably short time after Doctor Milton left, Dwight Carlin stood by the couch on which his wife lay.

"Why, Edith, are you very ill?" he enquired anxiously, as the sound of muffled sobs met his ear, from the pillow in which her face was completely buried.

A violent start, and a tear-stained face was suddenly turned toward him.

"O Dwight, how you startled me! Whatever brought you home? It is not noon yet."

"No, it isn't noon; I took a run home to see you, and you don't seem to want me; I am sorry I interrupted your grief," he replied gently, as he seated himself at her side. I came to talk with you awhile; won't you let me kiss you or hold your hands?"

"You may hold my hand if you like, but I'm not fit to kiss. Let me go and bathe my face," she answered, partially rising.

"No, no, be still, Edith—Dr. Milton told me you must have perfect rest—I love you just as you are;" and he soothingly drew her back to her pillow.

"That wasn't all he told you—I can tell by the way you look," she sobbed impatiently. "O Dwight, surely you do not wish me to bear children, and so soon after our marriage? If you do, you do not love me; no man who loves his wife would desire to bring such suffering upon her. It is disgusting to think about it."

Dwight Carlin's countenance fell.

"Why, Edith," he said quietly, "think of the pleasure a babe would bring us; I cannot imagine a greater joy than to have a little daughter, just like you, and have her inherit your famous talent, and sing as you do, dearest!"

"Dwight Carlin! I did not marry you with any intention of bearing children, at least not for several years. I want time to enjoy life a while. I do not care for children. I love my singing and my clubs and social life. It would simply ruin my voice and my form. Madam Coutour told me nothing was more injurious to a woman's form as well as her voice."

The young man dropped the hand he had been holding caress-

ingly; the look of loving sympathy in his face changed to stern disapproval.

"Edith," he said coldly, "I wish you had told me this before we were married."

"You never asked me, or I should have done so. You are selfish and unfeeling, or you would not wish to see me undergo such an ordeal," and she burst into another fit of weeping.

"You know I have no desire to see you suffer, Edith. I have done everything I could to make your life happy since our marriage. Since I first began to love you, I have pictured in my mind a little daughter, very much like yourself; who would inherit your voice, and fill our home with her glorious music. I have fancied you with a son of mine, a lovely babe in your arms, and the mother light in your eyes."

"I will not listen to your selfish talk! These may have been your old-fashioned ideals, but they were never mine, and all you can say will not change my views. I tell you, once and for all—your hopes will never be realized," defiantly spoke the young wife.

Her husband rose to his feet, the lovelight which shone in his eyes when he entered the room was gone.

"I must go," he said simply; "don't wait dinner for me. I shall dine at the club," and he left the room as suddenly as he had entered it.

"Well," she muttered, "to be alone suits me today. I can think better. To become a mother now, as we are having such a good time—the price is too great. I will not! There must be some escape—I will find it. Mother has always said she doesn't want her daughter broken down, and forced to have children as fast as she did."

Edith spent the morning on the couch and her luncheon was served in the same place; but as the afternoon grew warmer, she dressed and hurriedly left the house.

A swift walk brought her to the home of Mrs. Lomond, and as that lady was alone, her errand was soon stated.

Mrs. Lomond hesitated before selling the medicine.

"You know, Mrs. Carlin, the law would handle me if this became known, and I would really rather not let you have it. I will tell you right now, while it never fails, it is dangerous, and unless carefully used, might cost your life. You are too far on your journey for safety in the use of this strong medicine."

"No one shall ever know, Mrs. Lomond, no one but you and myself. I have reasons of my own for wanting no one else to know. I will take every precaution with the remedy, using it exactly as you tell me. Don't be silly; you sell it all the time. There is no life till the child is born. I have heard you and many other women say that over and over. You may set your price, I will pay just what you ask," eagerly promised the visitor.

The older woman sat for a moment in a study. She had determined never to sell her medicine again. She was getting old, and did not like the feeling of guilt, which always stole over her after its sale; but today had found her in need of money; she was behind twenty-five dollars on her rent and was looking for her landlord at any moment; this woman was rich—she had told her to set her price—would she be willing to pay enough to meet this bill? She would ask her.

"Mrs. Carlin, although I am not a religious woman I know enough to correct your error when you say there is no life in the child till after birth. There is always life and spirit from the moment of conception. Your husband's religion has taught the world that truth. I had never intended to sell my prescription again, but I have twenty-five dollars to raise. If you will pay me enough to pay my bill, the remedy is yours."

"But twenty-five dollars is a big sum. I never paid such a price for anything before in my life," said Edith, in a surprised tone.

"Perhaps not," acquiesced the woman, "but it is worth it, and unless you pay what I ask, you shall not have it. I do not care to make the sale, and unless you give me the twenty-five dollars, you must go without."

"I have not the amount with me and I do not wish to give you a check. Have you the remedy in the house?" Edith enquired.

"I have not, and shall not give you the medicine; only the prescription. You must purchase your own medicine and take your own responsibility. Go home; return in an hour with the money, and the prescription is yours."

Mrs. Carlin arose and left the house without further comment.

"It's an awful price," she told herself, as she walked slowly homeward, "but I must have it, cost what it may; and I will! Dwight gave me twenty-five dollars to pay Hannah yesterday; I have not given it and Hannah can wait until I can get her the money some other way."

In an hour she again appeared at Mrs. Lomond's home; the money was paid and she was soon again wending her way homeward; this time she carried in her hand-bag a two ounce bottle containing a dark liquid—and a small box, in which were twelve tiny black tablets.

Edith hurried home, anxious to conceal her package, fearing detection,

Tonight she would take the medicine and by morning—perhaps—

When morning dawned, the mistress of Carlin Mansion was violently ill. Dr. Milton received a hasty summons, and before

noon, a tiny, half-developed girl babe had been born into the world; and with only a few gasps passed out of it again.

As the doctor was leaving he met the young husband in the hallway.

"Dwight," he said uncertainly, "there is something I feel I should tell you. Come with me a moment."

"Dwight, prepare yourself for a blow; circumstances connected with this case prove to me that your wife, herself, is responsible for the premature birth, and consequent death, of that helpless babe."

Dwight Carlin stiffened as if the surgeon had dealt him a blow.

"What proofs have you, doctor?" he enquired, sternly.

The physician drew from his pocket a vial containing a dark liquid, and a small box, in which lay nine tiny black tablets.

"These I found partially concealed in your wife's dressing table. A servant girl told me she saw her mistress take both liquid and tablets before retiring last night; also, that she brought her a tea cup half full of hot water in which she dropped thirty drops from this bottle; she counted the drops, she said, as they fell from the dropper."

After a moment's pause the doctor continued:

"The name of the drug, of which these tablets are composed, and the grain, are given on the box; they alone would have done the work, though not quite so quickly as with the assistance of the liquid in this bottle.

"When I made my examination yesterday morning, both mother and child were in a normal condition; had things remained as they were, three more months, and the child might have lived, and the mother come through with improved health. As a result of this, the child is dead; the mother has barely escaped with her life, and is far from being out of danger yet."

The usually self-possessed young lawyer sank into a chair, a deadly faintness seemed suddenly to have seized him; that the doctor was right he felt certain, he knew the attitude of his wife from their conversation the morning before.

The helpless, appealing look in the tiny, lifeless face of his babe rose vividly before him, accusing its mother, the woman he had loved with all the strength of his noble manhood, of murder of the blackest dye; she had robbed this child—her child—of life.

* * * * * * * *

"Come, Dorcia! make haste, child; we must leave this world; it is too wicked for such as you," gently urged guardian angel Sarah of her charge; as together they stood over the body of the new-born babe, as it lay on a small round table, outside of its mother's room, wrapped in a snowy sheet.

"O Sarah," wailed the spirit Dorcia, "let me have one more look at my tiny body ere we depart. I love it so, it is all I ever shall have, it is mine for I entered it, and I know our Father in heaven some day will permit me to receive it again. Hark! there is the nurse now and my father is with her. I could have loved him and made him so happy had my mother permitted me to remain. See! he is weeping. My father loved me. He says they are to wrap my body in nice white linen, and he will have me buried in the family burial plot. There, they are gone. Strange they do not see us. Come, let us take one last look at my mother before we go," and Dorcia placed her hand in that of the older woman as they glided into the sick room, where Edith Carlin lay in a half stupor.

"I shall kiss her goodbye, Sarah; I love her; why would she not allow me to remain with her?"

The weeping Dorcia bent softly, an dtouched the pale forehead of her mother, with her spirit lips.

"See! she has awakened, Sarah," she cried wistfully.

"Yes, child," answered the woman, "her act has placed her so near death's door that she felt the pressure of your lips. Come, now, we must hasten on."

"I wish one last look at my father, then I will go," pleaded the child.

"He is in the library," replied her companion.

Swiftly and silently the spirit woman and child glided into the room where Dr. Milton and Dwight Carlin sat.

"How ill my father looks, his face is as pale as my mother's," sighed the little girl.

"Yes, Dorcia, the doctor has just told him of your mother's terrible sin, but come, we can do nothing here, and we should be on our way," softly again urged Sarah.

"Farewell, my father, farewell, farewell!" and weeping as they went, two beings invisible to human eyes took their leave of the Carlin mansion forever.

Traveling with speed known only to immortality, soon they stood again at earth's huge, dark portals, awaiting permission to return to their spirit home.

"Sarah," cried Dorcia, "see our heavenly Mother!"

"Ah, wherefore art thou here?" enquired the heavenly Mother as they met.

"She who was to have been my earthly mother cut short my life, she would not receive me, and I have returned with my gift to our Mother in heaven," mournfully answered Dorcia.

Plain Gossip.

By Mrs. Grundy.

I was sitting with Car'line trying to study out what this here Relief Society would be doin' next to keep us on the buzz, when she up and says, says she:

"D'you get on to that lesson they give us on the Idol Home?"

"Yess, I did," I says, "and I don't take no stock," I says, "in what that there teacher tells 'bout man bein' the head of the house 'cause he's got more wisdom and virtue than the woman has. And I just snorted, I was so mad when I thought about it."

And she says, says she, "Don't get your Irish up over a little thing like that for unless I miss my guess they's more truth than poetry in that same sayin'."

And I snapped back, "D'you mean to tell me that men is more virtuous than women?"

"I didn't mean to tell you nuthin'" she says, says she, "unless you keep your little shirt on and let's talk it out friendly like."

Then I ast her again, "Well now, tell me right out. You don't mean for a minute that men is more virtuous than women?"

"Maybe not," she says, says she, "when you lump men together like that."

"What do you call virtue?" I says.

"I call virtue," she says, says she, "right livin' in most every direction. Do you ever take time to think?" she says, in her most cutting way. "Well, just take time right now, for the matter of doin' a little thinkin' is a powerful healthy thing for women to do and it is what mighty few on 'em do anyway."

Then I snorted again and she could see my dander was risin' higher than a kite. "But that's not answerin' my question," says I.

"Well then," she says, says she, "just you answer your own question by answerin' some o' mine. Would you say that a man who never had a temptation to drink a glass o' beer or whiskey had just as much of the virtue of holdin' himself in as the man who has been marked with the love o' whiskey and just longs for it all the time and yet, don't touch it? More'n that—don't you kind o' pride yourself on the fact that you top me in virtue 'cause you love tea and don't drink it, when it's no trouble for me to stop drinkin' it for I never wanted it? Can't you see that, you old blind mole?"

"Well, yes," I says, "maybe so, but what's that got to do with virtue?"

"I'm comin' to that," she says, says she. "Virtue means lots

of things besides just keeping the seventh commandment, but we'll come down to cases and talk straight about bein' chaste; but you answer me another question. Do you think your little gal of six years old who never had any temptation to be unchaste is more virtuous and beats her brother of twenty-five who has been on a mission where he has run up against piles of women who would be mighty glad to lead him from the path of virtue?"

"Well, but," says I, "President Brigham Young said onct, and I heard him, that thur'd be no bad women if there wa'nt no bad men."

"'Course they wud'nt," she says, says she, "'cause women's just naturally good and don't have to exercise half the bridle on themselves that men do to be just common decent. Just let me tell you one thing, Marthy Ann, and you write it down in your little 'count book, in big letters. There's nothin' will keep a man virtuous except the fear o' God."

"What do you mean," says I, madder still, "that all the men except the men in our Church can't be virtuous?"

And she says, says she: "I don't say nothin' o' the kind. Men all over the earth who feel God deep down are skeered to do wrong and 'cause of that fear they sometimes hold in from doin' that which nature prompts them all the time to do. Men's prompted considerable to break the seventh commandment, and women ain't usually much troubled that way 'less they're in peculiar circumstances. Little gals are shielded and guarded by their mothers and fathers and protected by their brothers till they are married and then their husband gives them all the affection they want besides protecting them from other men. You see, Marthy Ann, gals who go wrong usually go wrong because they want purty clothes, but men go wrong 'cause they're just driv'n by nature to go wrong. And when boys and men keep from goin' wrong it's 'cause they fear God and want to keep His commandments, for they are just tempted to go wrong right along, week in the week out, year in and year out. And I say and so does any thinkin' person, that men who keep themselves from goin' wrong when they are tempted all the time as they are, are more virtuous than women who don't see much temptations during their lifetimes—not in that way, anyway. Men and women are just made as they are made, that's all."

"Well, but," says I, "you know as well as I do," says I, "the reason why women are under men on this earth is 'cause Eve went and ate that fruit and coaxed Adam to do likewise."

"O, shucks," she says, says she, "ain't you got no more sense than to think that our Father would just wilfully make a man to boss and a woman to mind 'cause they stole an apple and ate it? Why Marthy Ann, I am su'prised at you not having more in your think tank than to bring forward such a fool reason. Why,

that story of the Garden o' Eden is just a mere telling of a fact that's as eternal and elemental as the Wasatch mountains—yes, and a lot more so. What fool nonsense you'd teach if you tried to make people think that man's place in the household and in life and woman's place also was just fixed for this life only. I don't believe 'Mormonism' in any such a way. You just go home, Marthy Ann, and contemplate, if you can, really contemplate, meditate, consider, think, study it out and you will find that man stands at the head o' his house if he is a right, good, pure man, not because he wears pants or 'cause he refused to take the apple Satan begged him to, but he stands there 'cause he is got more wisdom and the virtue of self-control better developed than his wife has and that's not sayin' that she's not his equal either. 'Cause the bishop stands at the head o' his counselors and has the decidin' voice is not proof that the counselors ain't his equal. You'll find that he has been picked out 'cause they think he is a little wiser and got a little more self-control than belongs to the two brethren they make his counselors."

"But I don't care," I says, says I, "I don't believe, and you can't make me, that my husband's more virtuous than I am. I never looked at another man crosswise in my life and never wanted to."

"Well," she says, says she, "maybe this yer point is a little too fine for you to see, but you go home and ast your husband if the reason why he never looked crosswise at any gal was 'cause he never wanted to."

THE SEEING HEART.

By Maud Baggarley.

If thou a gift of Deity wouldst ask,
  Then, for discernment pray!
For he who hath the seeing heart,
  Like miracle of day,
Doth glad the fainting soul of each
  Upon Life's vast highway.

A Prayer for Perfectness of Life.

Rock of my strength, my Savior, I beseech thee
How I, my children's souls may feed—
Oh, let thy spirit teach me!
Oh, grant me faith, and patience, and humility;
To rear them in the right;
Grant me ability.

Dear Savior, thou who hast at heart our progress,
Oh, give me power humanity to bless.
To e'en assist in thought, or inspiration
That they may desire and aspire
For future exaltation.

Thou, the great, mighty Fountain
Of all intelligence—
Through the eternal Father, help me to fully sense
All of my imperfections, and to overcome
Evil; and to live a life of perfectness
In my earthly home.

Oh, give thy children power to overcome temptation;
To live each day a perfect day
Of their earthly probation.
Fill us with faith divine, help us to be pure,
That we may all our earthly trials
Cheerfully endure.

O Savior, Redeemer, grant us all sweet charity;
I find this gift, even among Thine elect
Almost a rarity,
Help us put forth a mighty effort the world to save:
Bless us with dauntless courage;
Assist us to be brave.

That we may be forgiving, long-suffering, and kind;
Even through thy Holy Spirit,
To receive sweet peace of mind.
Oh, may we ever seek to upraise the downtrodden,
The oppressed;
That they with us may enter thy haven of blissful rest.

And when our final summons comes,
Whatever else may betide,
May we with our own life's work
Be perfectly satisfied.

ANNIE G. LAURITZEN.

SHORT CREEK, ARIZONA.

While the king thus strove with his trembling attendants, a cortege was approaching the gardens and courts of the Ziggarut. A train of white-robed women, some of them bearing baskets of fruits and flowers, others playing with deft fingers, the lady's instrument—the zither—while still others sang with rythmic chant the hymnal to the goddess Ishtar—the gaudy and yet moving picture was making its slow way through the streets

"Room—room, for the royal Neophyte of the Goddess Mylitta," cried the herald.

After the dancing and singing women, came six chariots, bearing in their gilded seats many lovely damsels, all unveiled and rose-garlanded and in the last gorgeously wrought chariot came the Semnite princess Iscah, who, like her attendants was robed in white, but over her head and face was a misty veil covering her from crown to foot, and thus shrouded and her feet buried in a bed of white rose petals, she sat with proud disdain.

"Room—room for the royal Neophyte"—cried the public heralds.

The crowd grumbled and cursed as they were pushed mercilessly off the broad street leading to the Ziggarut, to permit the procession to pass along its way. At its head walked a huge black eunuch, and behind him strode a dozen more whose insignia of the House of Terah gave them right of way over the most crowded of thoroughfares. Their passage was slow, and the chariot drivers had trouble in curbing their fiery steeds.

"It is the lady Sarai," cried a shepherd prince.

"Nay, not so," replied a Damascene, evidently a stranger in the streets of Ur.

"How comest thou to know so much about the ladies of the House of Terah?" asked the shepherd jeeringly.

"I know but little. But this I know, the princess Sarai carries her head proudly, not haughtily."

"Then thou hast more than passing acquaintance with these great women of our city, stranger, for not one in ten thousand of the citizens or soldiers of Ur, could make me so fine a distinction. I am persuaded you are right. This must be the lady Iscah, for she is the moon, while our queen Sarai is the sun in full splendor of youth, beauty, and attraction."

Eleizer was silent, his mind busy with what he had seen. Should he discover this matter to Abram who was confined within the palace walls? Or should he keep his own counsel and find

out for himself the destination of the lady who had but now passed on her public way to the great royal fete of the goddess Mylitta. It was a shameless avowal of her apostasy, that he knew. But how much was he justified in telling to Abram?

"Room—room for the royal neophite of the goddess Mylitta," cried the heralds again and again, pushing and crowding the mass of foot passengers into the small side streets or crushing them thickly against the unwindowed walls of the houses along the street. Above them on the housetops, in the falling twilight, were also gathered many curious gazers who were vitally interested also in this startling new development of their royal Petesi's household. What could it mean? Surely not that old Terah had completely joined himself and all his household with the state religion, giving up once for all his quaint old-fashioned notions about a chaste patriarchal home life with its attendant human reliance upon a mysterious One-God who could never be fashioned out of some earthly material for all to see and fear or worship. If Terah's household were converted, then indeed was Ur about to emerge into the most brilliant scene of all its history. For men and women, alike, the rich and the poor, felt the silent restraint put upon them, their motives, and their religious and social orgies by the presence amongst them of a reigning Semmite Satrap who was so antiquated in his religious ideals that he would not even appear at the services in the newly-restored public temple on the hill of Potiphar, but must needs permit his son, the prince Abram, to erect a private Ziggarut in which to offer his own simple and highly primitive sacrifices. Terah, as the Petesi of Ur, had not only been a secret annoyance to all the people through his religious views, as all righteous persons are to a wicked world, but the constant refusal of his gloriously handsome son Abram, and his no less equally fabulously beautiful and wealthy daughter Sarai, to enter into the fast social life of the royal society of Ur, was a constant gad and sting to their own secret, vile ambitions and lustful desires. They felt, as do all abandoned creatures—the keenest desire to see this pure and righteous family fall into their own class and become like themselves; but with the inconsistency of human nature, if Abram should change—or when the house of Terah did fall or accept the inevitable fate—as most of them put it—there would be an instant but crushing disappointment; it would prove that after all there was no such thing as human integrity and persistent chastity. That this ruin should come to pass was their most passionate longing and their most passionately dreaded climax. The triumph of good is as much hoped for, as it is feared, even by the wicked.

"It is said that every man can be bought with a price," said the shepherd prince who had been talking with Eleizer, "and it

seems that even royal women only wait to catch a king before giving themselves into the arms of Mylitta."

"Thou shalt not speak thus of any of the daughters of Terah. It may be that the Lady Iscah is ignorant of these bestial customs, and but goes in her royal white robes to pay a court visit to the king in his temple courts."

"The lady Iscah ignorant? Going to pay a royal visit—alone—unattended save with her choicest and handsomest damsels? Out upon ye, Damascene, thou hast not so much acumen as I thought."

Eleizer had more than his loyalty would permit him to show. But he would defend till there was no shadow of doubt; even then he would refuse to believe the worst.

While they were thus speaking, a magnificent chariot drove up behind them drawn by six coal black horses. The occupant stood behind his driver, his fastidiously ringleted locks falling on his embroidered tunic, his jeweled cane flashing in the sunset, his perfumed robes casting out their trailing odors long after he had passed upon his way, the glittering gold and jeweled fringes upon his priestly robe blinding the gaze of the awe-struck multitude. As he flew by, his chariot wheels billowing this way and that in his swift flight to catch the long procession which was far on its way down the street, a hugh black dog, belonging to the shepherd who was talking with Eleizer, sprang out from behind his master's legs and almost flung himself in his fierce bellowing fury upon the body of the glittering chariot. Mardan —for it was he—raised his pliant cane, and with one blow between the eyes, he felled the brute who had thus suddenly assaulted him. But the women on the housetops opposite called out harshly—

"An omen, an omen!"

Mardan cursed them and the dog in voluble Assyrian, but he stayed not in his reckless flight to catch the train of his kinswoman.

The chase was successful, and Eleizer saw the Lady Iscah stop, lean over in her seat while Mardan talked earnestly with her, and after a few moments, she gave the signal for her train to wait while Mardan passed them all in his swinging road to the royal Ziggarut.

The dog of the shepherd slunk back dizzily to its master, and the man bent eagerly over the bruised head, while he muttered low curses on the head of Mardan for his cruelty to the unfortunate brute.

"Dost thou believe in omens?" asked Eleizer, as the shepherd took out some ointment and rubbed the swollen face of his pet, while he plucked a leaf from an accacia tree hanging over

the house-wall near, and wiped off the few blood drops on the fracture.

"I believe that the devil preserves his imps for purposes best known to himself. I know that men whom dogs hate are not loved by other men, and that is omen enough for me;" for the shepherd was loth to reveal his true Semetic religious status to this stranger. Eleizer said no more, but was quite sure of the man's purpose of possible vengeance as he, too, followed on the road to the courts of the Ziggarut.

Eleizer followed the shepherd more slowly. He was determined to discover all that was possible concerning this new departure in the house of Terah. As he sauntered more slowly, he was interested to observe the varied nature of the human traffic about him. The road was now open to all men and women on foot or in chariots; they were clad in the linen and woolen vests of the Assyrian, with the sash about their middle, and their long curled ringlets hanging about their ears; thinly-clad children were there playing and romping with screaming vigor at times, or crying out as children will, when anger or swift mischief prompted a change of tone. Here and there, a few dandies of the richer classes moved in and out, with their heavy perfumes, their jeweled canes, and their elegant seal rings and cylinders slung to their wrists making a picture of varied brilliancy. There was much chatter on the streets concerning the procession which had just passed by. But Eleizer was not a party to any of it, now that the honest shepherd had passed on. Along the lower end of the street came a train of lumbering plow-men bearing on their heads the fruits of their day's labors, and singing their common song of duty and joy as they plodded homeward in the dim twilight:

"A heifer am I, to the plough I am yoked,
"The plough handle is strong, lift it up, lift it up."

While an equally solid mass of women came behind them with their arms filled with the sheaves of their gleaning, and they responded:

"My knees are marching, my feet are not resting,
"With no wealth of my own—grain givest thou me."

Eleizer looked at them with the strange wonder that fills every intelligent mind when he sees the dull acceptance of the brute lot of life which sings on its slave-driven way and kneels contentedly while the master adjusts the yoke. Moreover, the great city of Ur was trembling on the brink of mighty moral and spiritual convulsions; the great Merodach-Nimrod was, for the first time in years, within its walls to dedicate the beautiful new or newly-restored temple. And yet, these slavish knowts could

take their peaceful way adown the dusty road of life, meeting its problems as supinely as did the crowds of dogs which gathered about them now in mangy droves of snarling opposition to every hindrance on their way.

As the dogs snapped and yowled here and there, plunging now through the crowd of yokels, or mingling in a mass of canine fury to settle some contested canine point, the huge, black dog came back towards them with his awkward but swift leaps, and in an instant there was a mingling of yaps and growls, and the masters fell upon the struggling writhing mass of dog-flesh in the dusty road, and together with the soldier's stout axes laid about their ears, the dogs were separated and went whimpering onwards. But the black dog was evidently not through with his work. He trotted away quietly enough but after him leaped a large yellow mastiff, and they disappeared down the curving way that led to the courts of the Ziggarut. The bedlam of dogs yapped after them more slowly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A HEROINE.

Her face has not the glow which poets sing,
With cheeks of red rose hue,
Lips that rival all the cherries' red,
And eyes of deeply azure blue.
Yet might they sing of dark brown hair,
That crowns her face so pure and fair.

Her eyes speak peace, of dusky brown,
Like dusky pools in ocean deep;
Where 'neath the surface, pure and calm,
The troubled waters softly sleep.
For, though her heart is sore and sad,
She smiles that others may be glad.

Her face a story tells to me,
Of battles fought and victories won,
Of one who's humbly learned to say,
"Thy will, not mine be done."
Her soul through all her deep despair
Is calmed and soothed by mighty prayer.

To sick and troubled homes and hearts,
She's carried hope and cheer;
Brought joy and peace to orphaned babes,
And taught them, God is near,
Who rocks upon her faithful breast,
Can say with her, God knoweth best.

LUCY BURNHAM.

Home Science Department.

Janette A. Hyde.

Perhaps there is no food more wholesome, nor even more valuable than a simple salad, when the blood is sluggish and needs refreshing. A succulent salad of some kind should find its way to the table at least once a day. We find it quite necessary, therefore, to recommend, once more, to our readers the advisability of planting a few of the most important and useful of the vegetables to be used in salad making.

In nearly any altitude, where we find our people located, the following vegetables can be raised, and will be helpful for salads: Cress, lettuce, sorrel, endive, romaine, chicory, escarole (dandelion greens), young beet greens, spinach, celery, cucumbers, and tomatoes. Any of these form the basis for salads, and may be served with pure olive oil, a little lemon juice, or vinegar, paprika (sweet red pepper), and a little salt.

Fresh fruits, such as oranges, bananas, peaches, pears, cherries, etc., may also be used with the salad greens. These form a wonderful combination and a healthful change. Green vegetables and fruits are a natural tonic, rich in the much-needed mineral salts, as well as that mysterious substance called vitamines. This substance is now considered one of the most important of food elements.

The green vegetables cleanse the blood, stimulate the appetite, and act as a mild laxative, and are more efficacious and natural than using pills, or any artificial spring medicine. Pure olive oil is nourishing food, supplying fat in the best and most easily digested form. It acts also as a laxative. Lemon juice slightly stimulates the liver, and is a better acid for daily use than vinegar. A little Worcestershire sauce, A-1 sauce, catsup, horseradish, grated onion, a few capers, chopped, sweet pepper, etc., may be added to the salad dressing. These all serve to increase the flow of the gastric juices, which is so essential to digestion.

Meat, fish, or nut salads should be served with a properly prepared and cooked mayonnaise dressing. This salad has its value as a nourishing food, but should not be used in place of the lighter green vegetable and fruit salads. The more substantial salads serve as a complete luncheon or supper dish, and if served as such, with the proper accompaniment, are enjoyed and easily digested by most people.

The green or fruit salad should be served only as a part of, or as a finish to, a meal. Plain salad is always served in Italy with

the meat course, no potatoes or other vegetable accompanying the meat.

The success of salad depends upon the crispness and freshness of the vegetables and fruit to be used; also the method of making the dressing, and the wise choice of dressings for the salad at hand. One cannot be too particular in washing and cleaning the greens to be used, as they are not sterilized by cooking. It is quite essential to keep the vegetables in ice water or in the ice-chest until ready for use, then drain and wipe dry with a clean towel. The standard salad dressings are French, mayonnaise, or cooked dressing of some kind. All others are varieties of these. The boiled dressing is a cheap and inexpensive substitute for mayonnaise.

Easter Salad.

Ingredients:

1 bunch new green asparagus, cooked
1 large orange
1 egg, hard cooked
1 head lettuce
French dressing

Time: Preparation, 15 minutes.

Number served: 4 persons.

Have ready the asparagus, which has been carefully cooked, drained and chilled. Cut the orange into four slices, crosswise; remove the pulp, making four orange-skin rings. Divide the asparagus into four portions; slip the stalks through the orange rings, and arrange on individual plates on a bed of crisped lettuce. Pour over French dressing, dust with the egg, chopped very fine, add a sprinkling of chopped parsley. Serve very cold. A good salad to serve with cold ham or tongue for luncheon or supper.

Pineapple Dressing.

Ingredients:

6 tablespoonfuls pineapple juice
3 level tablespoonfuls granulated sugar
1 level tablespoonful butter; 2 eggs beaten
1 level tablespoonful cornstarch

Time: Preparation, 15 minutes.

Number served, 4-6 persons.

Mix all ingredients carefully together, and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until the mixture is smooth and begins to thicken. At serving time, add three-fourths cupful of cream, whipped. To be used with a fruit salad.

Cream Mayonnaïse.

To a quantity of stiff mayonnaise, add an equal quantity—or less—of whipped cream. This dressing should be used the day it is made, and kept in the refrigerator until it is ready to be served. Excellent for chicken, Waldorf or nut salad.

French Dressing.

Ingredients:

½ level teaspoonful salt
¼ level teaspoonful white pepper
1 tablespoonful vinegar or lemon juice
4 tablespoonfuls olive oil

Time: Preparation, 5 minutes.
Number served: 4 persons.

Add the oil to the salt and pepper; mix well. Add the vinegar or lemon juice, beat until thoroughly emulsified. This may be easily and quickly done by shaking in a bottle, and many prefer to do it this way. Chopped chive or a few drops of onion juice, or Worcestershire sauce may be added if desired.

Russian Dressing.

To one cupful mayonnaise, add one tablespoonful, or more, of tomato catsup and nine olives finely cropped.

Strawberry Salad.

Ingredients:

1 head chicory or escarole
1 box large strawberries
6 slices pineapple (canned)
A few chopped pistachio nuts
Cream mayonnaise

Time: Preparation, 30 minutes.
Number served: 6 persons.

Wash chicory and crisp in ice-water. Wash and hull berries; let stand in refrigerator until cold. Arrange chicory on individual plates, placing a slice of pineapple in the center of each. Cover pineapple with berries, top with cream mayonnaise, garnish with nuts. If berries are sour, sprinkle lightly with powdered sugar before placing in refrigerator. An excellent luncheon or supper salad.

Cooked Dressing.

Ingredients.

½ level teaspoonful salt
¼ level teaspoonful paprika
1 level tablespoonful cornstarch

½ cupful cream; 1 egg yolk
3 tablespoonfuls tarragon vinegar, or 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice

Time: Preparation, 10 minutes.
Number served: 4 persons.

Mix the cornstarch with the cream; add seasoning; cook over boiling water until the mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Add the egg yolk, slightly beaten, and cook a moment longer. Remove from fire, add vinegar, mix well, cool, and it is ready to use.

If it is impossible to get cream, use milk, and add one teaspoonful melted butter after dressing is cooked.

Roquefort Dressing.

Mash a small quantity of Roquefort cheese and stir through a well-made French dressing. Serve on lettuce hearts.

Mayonnaise Dressing.

Ingredients:
Yolks of two eggs
¼ level teaspoonful salt
¼ level teapsoonful white pepper
Lemon juice, 1 tablespoonful, about
Vinegar, 1 tablespoonful, about
Olive oil, 1 cupful or more

Time: Preparation, 20 minutes, about.
Number served: 6-8 persons, or more.

Have all ingredients and utensils very cold. Put the yolks into a bowl or mayonnaise mixer; add salt, pepper; mix. Add one teaspoonful vinegar; mix again. Now add, drop by drop, and beating all the while, sufficient oil to give the desired amount of dressing. As the mixture thickens, alternate with a few drops of lemon juice or vinegar. With care, almost a pint of oil may be used. By following directions carefully this dressing should not curdle. If it does, start again with a clean bowl and another egg yolk. After adding a little vinegar and oil, add, slowly and stirring constantly, the curdled dressing, and the final results will be good.

Ethics.

Read at the Granite R. S. Conference by Mrs. Lillian G. Knight.

Ethics is the science of human character—or more broadly speaking—it is the study of manners and morals. Ethics deals, for instance, with such virtues as truthfulness, honesty and sobriety. Man is said to possess a physical, moral, and spiritual nature. Faith is a spiritual trait. It is often hard to draw the line between ethics and religion. But there is a real difference. The world, in all ages, has set up certain standards of conduct, and has maintained certain virtues. Even the savage has his strict code of morals. He is often more straightly honest, and more rigorously truthful than his educated white brother.

People who study ethics take for consideration what might be called the standard virtues: Truth, Wisdom, Benevolence, Love, Honesty, Obedience, Reverence, Knowledge, Patience, Hope, Courage, and Charity. Many modifications of these virtues lead to a study of Mercy, Temperance, Kindness, Gratitude, and such other traits as make the ideal man.

All men believe these virtues to be good, and most men practice few or many of them. Men have found that it actually pays, in a business sense, to be honest and truthful. Long experience teaches any person the value of the virtues. No profession of religion is needed to qualify men to practice the virtues.

All religions, except the true religion of Jesus Christ, are builded on ethical foundations only. Because men have found that the virtues are eternal, they come finally to exalt the virtues into a whole religion. Go into any of the churches today, and you will hear no doctrines, no religious principles referred to except as the virtues are a part—and a very important part—of their various religions. It is all ethics, ethics, ethics. Our young people, hearing one such sermon, come away feeling that it was all true—then why are not these churches also true, or founded on truth? All worship of God is founded on truth; on some truth, a little truth. For all who name the name of the Lord with reverence and love have a measure of truth and light within them. Then what constitutes the difference between this Church and all other churches in ethics and in religion?

It is the priesthood. The power to officiate in the ordinances of the gospel. Men may be truthful, just, kind, chaste, and intelligent, but unless they come in at the door of Christ, they cannot enter his kingdom. The rich young man of the scriptures possessed all the virtues.

The Relief Society has been studying the ethics of Gratitude, Industry, Reverence, and Prudence, but with each lesson has gone some gospel message that fastens the virtue up to the chain which links us to the kingdom of all truth and light. We want—not a little truth, nor some truth—but all truth. Not the truths pertaining only to our physical and moral—or ethical—being, but also those truths that concern our spiritual advancement and development.

Some one has said that facts—unless arranged in proper order and sequence—do not constitute truth. So with ethics—unless the virtues are held together by the priesthood and are practiced in obedience to true religion, they will not save us. Therefore do we study, practice, and develop, in all the virtues. We want to be honest, chaste, benevolent, and to seek after all truth, holding fast to the Iron Rod.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Eastern States Mission.

Mrs. A. W. McCune, of the General Board of Relief Society, has returned to her home in Salt Lake City, after spending the winter in New York City. While in the east, Mrs. McCune represented the General Board in the Eastern States Mission, and directed the work of the Relief Society, giving weekly classes in Genealogy, in both New York City and Brooklyn. Before returning to Salt Lake City, Mrs. McCune entertained the members of the Conference at a farewell reception, given at the Mission House on 126th Street.

Mrs. McCune was one of the patrons of the National and International Council of Women, and with Counselor Clarissa S. Williams and Mrs. Jos. Howell, represented the Relief Society at the recent Council in Washington.

Further information comes from the Eastern States in a recent letter from Miss Margaret Edwards, who is in charge of the work there. Miss Edwards states that the Relief Society in New York City has lately been reorganized with the following officers: President, Bertha Eccles Wright, 1st Counselor, Leona P. Monson, 2nd Counselor Nona B. Peterson, Secretary and Treasurer, Janette Y. Easton. An organization has also been effected in Brooklyn, with the following officers: President, Isabella, Wingrave, Counselor, Carmen Benson, Secretary and Treasurer, Alice Archibald. There is a thriving organization at Lynn, Mass., which has been running for about 7 months. The members are reported as very greatly interested in the plan of the work as outlined in the MAGAZINE.

Query Box.

Hazel Love Dunford.

Would you kindly give me some simple combination of perhaps turpentine, coal oil or something of the kind. I wish to polish my dining room chairs. I wish something that will remove the scratches the children have made. Thanking you in advance.—*Mrs. A. W. A., Emery, Utah.*

I know of nothing better than Vinero for your furniture. It can be obtained from most of the leading furniture stores. The office and factory are at 2640 So. Seventh East St., Salt Lake City.

I am building a new house and would like your opinion on wall finishing for the kitchen.—*Mrs. C. O., Salt Lake City.*

Be sure that your ceilings are not made too high. Eight feet six inches is high enough. Paint walls white or cream, giving four coats. Finish with enamel paint. This is rather expensive in the beginning, but as the years pass one soon realizes the economy of it, for the walls can be washed and cleaned so easily and never need re-painting.

I have four children between the ages of twelve and three. How can I best get and keep their confidence.—*Mrs. E. G. W., Sugar City, Idaho.*

From the very infancy a mother must interest herself in the child's affairs. She must be a real chum to every one of her children. I know one mother who has a knack of making each one of her children (and she has five) feel that he is her special favorite. This, I believe, is one great secret in keeping their confidence.

DISCOVERIES

Mail Box.—The postoffice authorities sent word that we could aid them by placing a mail-box on our porch. I very much disliked the thought of the customary iron box against our bungalow wall. Finally my husband removed the top of one of the pedestals at the foot of the porch steps, put it back on with a hinge, inserted a wooden box in the pedestal and we now have an out-of-sight and very convenient mail box. He has since hinged the top of the other pedestal and in it the children place their rubbers or out-of-doors toys.—*Mrs. N. F. M., Ore.*

Economical Dental Floss.—One spool of No. 60 linen

thread, one piece pure beeswax; rub wax on thread and use as dental floss.—*Good Housekeeping Magazine.*

HOME MADE CORK CLEANER.—When cleaning steel knives use a cork instead of a cloth to apply the scouring powder. It cleans them quickly and thoroughly.—*L. D. W., Logan.*

DOES IT PAY?

It seems to me I once did say that you are always spending
So much good time—if you was home you might do lots of mending.
If I spent half the time you do, at meeting every day,
I'd go behind with all my work, I'm sure it does not pay.

Religion I have never found a paying proposition—
It's meeting or it's giving gifts without much compensation.
I want religion to be light, if it was easy work
I'd take a hand in everything and not hang back and shirk.

Thus I found fault with these dear sisters
Who always were attending
Their duties in a quiet way—
To me it was offending.
I thought they ought to stay at home
And mind their children, there
They'd find they had enough to do
With all their household care.

But as I grew in years, I found
Those sisters who were trying
To help the work of God along,
To cheer the sick and dying,
Were just the humblest of them all:
The best ones in the ward,
Denying self and home at times
To labor for the Lord.

And while I pity them at times,
No more I'm found fault-finding.
If they help in a public way,
Myself I will be minding,
And see if there is not a place
That's suited for me there,
And I will work both night and day,
And others' burdens share.

BASALT, IDAHO. MARIE JENSEN

Current Topics.

James H. Anderson.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS in the "Mormon" communities have a membership of more than 200,000—indicating a proportionately notably strong force for the moral and spiritual development of the young people therein.

SALT LAKE CITY has a policewoman, Miss Jane Barrett. That she can render more effective service in certain lines than can some of her male colleagues does not admit of dispute; the only question is whether she will do so under the present regime.

JOHNS-HOPKINS UNIVERSITY at Baltimore, Md., claims the discovery of a serum which restores the heart action one or two hours after it has ceased from drowning or asphyxiation. If this discovery proves as effective as claimed, it means the saving of many lives.

GERMAN SUBMARINE WARFARE against unarmed merchant vessels continues, notwithstanding the protests of the United States and official German promises which seem to be concessions to the American demand for a cessation or modification of that class of warfare.

RUSSIAN TROOPS to the number of about 250,000 have landed in France to aid the latter in staying the Teuton advance. This achievement was made possible only by the almost complete mastery of the seas on the part of the English and French navies.

THE VERDUN BATTLE continued seventy days without cessation and with enormous losses on both sides, comparatively slight gains of territory being made by the Germans. Later, the fighting there was resumed, with the prospect that the outcome of this greatest of the world's battles will be a material factor in determining the future conduct of the European war.

CHURCH FUNDS of the "Mormon" people to the extent of $11,627,436 have been expended during the last fourteen years for schools, support of the poor, foreign missions, and the construction of houses for public meetings. This excellent showing represents the bulk of the tithing collected, and is apart from the funds raised for such purposes in the ward and stake organizations locally.

SALT LAKE CITY SCHOOLS have been given a new superintendent—Ernest A. Smith of Meadville, Pa. On the part of the people, there is much criticism of the city board of education, on the basis of a popular impression that a bonafide resident of Utah, be he ever so faithful and competent in the school system service, has no prospect of recognition or promotion under the existing control of the city system.

THE AMERICAN EMBARGO CONFERENCE, in antagonizing President Wilson's attitude against German submarine methods under the guise of working for peace, seems to be only one step farther removed from national treachery than the Sinn Feins of Ireland. Loyal Americans of whatever political party, uphold the President in his insistence on the humanitarian treatment, under prevailing international law, of unarmed neutrals.

PRESIDENT WILSON sent a note to the German government advising the latter, in effect, that unless German submarine warfare against unarmed merchant vessels was stopped, official relations on the part of the United States with the Teutons would be severed. That the Germans regarded the note as having more of emphasis than of meaning in its language is shown by the kaiser's reply, which diplomatically lays a foundation for further argument.

REVOLT IN IRELAND of approximately 20,000 members of the Sinn Fein and Larkinite societies, who have been permitted by the patient internal policy of Great Britain to arm and drill for war in professed sympathy with a separate Irish nationality, cost the lives of several hundred people and the destruction of much property in Dublin, the central scene of the fighting, before the rebellion was brought under control. The Irish people generally disapprove of the revolt, and regard it as treasonable to the existing government in a marked degree, now that the latter is at war with the Teutonic allies in Europe.

WOLFE VON IGEL, secretary to Captain Von Papen, former military attache to the German legation at Washington, has been arrested in New York for violation of United States neutrality laws. The German ambassador insists that Von Igel and the papers taken with him be restored, on the basis that the arrest and seizure were made in the German consulate, which technically is German territory; the United States officials, however, properly take the view that a German consulate in the United States is not German territory for the purpose of launching schemes for violating the laws of this nation by promoting armed excursions into another country.

EDITORIAL

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Motto—Charity Never Faileth.

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CLIMBING.

Going Upward.

Climbing is a health-giving exercise. The very act of setting the muscles, lifting the body, and raising the eyes, gives instant challenge to all our life forces. The blood is forced quickly through clogged arteries, the heart pumps more vigorously, the lungs expand, and every atom in the body feels soon or late the healthful reaction of this strenuous exercise. The eyes clear, the nostrils quiver, the knees are a-strain, and the feet spurn the earth with upspringing elasticity.

The Spirit Climbs.

So also does this spiritual body of ours react to an upward striving after physical balance and health. The spirit eyes glow; the spirit muscles contract; the delicate spiritual machinery springs to action vividly, when we set our spiritual feet on the hill of health, leaving behind the gloomy canyons and ravines of physical suffering and pain. So many of us must climb the hill of hope and faith, each morning, stimulated by necessity, and with only our will-power and our faith as a staff or a rod by which to lift us, step by step, along the difficult, upward way. We arise from beds of weary sleeplessness, we bring our jaded appetites to unwanted breakfasts, and our listless hands

to the daily grinding tasks. How shall we climb past the minutes and the hours until we reach the evening summit, when one more day will have passed over the mountain tops?

How did She Get There?

We see some vigorous friend, vitally alive, electrically competent, and we say she is blessed and favored, while we are impotent and stricken down by blind providence. Are you sure she has climbed without effort and pain? Did you ever climb a slippery, uncharted path up a steep hillside, blinded by storm-mists and beaten back by fierce winds? It cost you effort, did it not? Few mature women of this generation but are climbing the hills of life with spent breath and broken nerves. Some few—alas, that there are so few—are so much in physical tune with life that they are unconscious of all bodily processes and nature functions for them without a jar of the velvet wheels or a click of the delicate machinery.

The Way Of It.

Most women—and of these are the spiritually acute—live hourly on the promissory notes of will-power and blind hope. Some there be—O follow these—who cast away relentlessly all possible handicaps, and with determined eyes, fixed on the star of faith, they go resolutely upward, keeping in harmony with divine laws while denying themselves both self-pity and self-indulgence. So many of us want to travel our own way and the Lord's way at one and the same time. The two ways too often go in opposite directions. If we would climb well and quickly, this hill of desire, of daily toil and struggle, we must cast away all unnecessary burdens—sin and envy are such heavy loads—and seek each day to live most truly the laws of heaven-climbing.

Up, Come Up!

Why shall we droop wearily on the lower, sickly levels, when the pure, spiritual air is to be breathed only on the hill-tops? Why shall we hunt for medical staves and sticks, or lie in the mud of discouragement, when we can climb—if we will—climb slowly, surely, safely upward? Climbing is such hard work, but there is the pure hill-top air above. Come on! Try a step or two. Now! altogether! Up! Up! Up!

CHANCE AND CHANGE.

How shall I dare to mark thy innocent look,
And write as in a book,
Thy infinite possibilities of life;
What fate awaits thee in the coming strife,
What joys, what triumphs in the coming years,
What depths of woe and tears?

LEWIS MORRIS.

Guide Lessons.

LESSON I.

Theology and Testimony.

First Week.

TESTIMONY.

Work and Business.

Second Week.

Summer Health Lessons.

Third Week.

SANITATION.

It is the duty of every citizen to be an interested guardian of health conditions. Moreover, every individual should take a personal pride in safeguarding his community, his friends, his family and himself. It is imperative that we aim to have sanitary surroundings and hygienic living.

We have learned what wonders can be accomplished in eliminating the fly by the free use of the fly-killer and the fly traps. So much has been said of this subject that it is now a popular thing to make jokes about the last fly that will be seen on earth. But with all that has been done, it is still almost beyond us to keep even our houses free from baneful pests—to say nothing of the outbuildings where animals live.

In the home, cleanliness, screened doors and windows and determined use of fly killers or cages are all necessary. Clean basements, closets, and attics, clean yards and alleyways—all contribute to the sanitary conditions of the home.

Frequent talks on this subject are very necessary as we may easily see by the homes still uncared for, but also we must realize what great improvements have been accomplished by repetitions of lessons on sanitary measures and their enforcement.

Every community, even the smallest, should have its committee on sanitation and public health, and that committee should be composed of men and women devoted to the public welfare.

All water used for culinary purposes should be pure at its

source and kept unpolluted. If there is any doubt whatever about the purity of the water it should be boiled before it is used for drinking purposes. Utensils for containing drinking water should be kept very clean. Water may be boiled, cooled, covered and if desired very cold, set on ice to chill. Natural ice, unless known to come from streams or ponds of pure water should not be dissolved in our drinks as many disease microbes are not destroyed by freezing. But as has been suggested, liquids may be chilled by setting them on the ice.

Animals should be confined to their proper limits so the home surroundings may be more cleanly and the elimination of flies from the home be more easy.

Care and attention to sanitation means the saving of precious human lives. A single fly may menace the health of a whole family and even cause death. One little ordinary fly may carry on him concealed from the natural eye, 100,000 germs. These germs can only be seen with a microscope, but when they find favorable breeding places such as milk, preserves, jelly, or other foods they multiply very rapidly.

All foods should be most carefully screened from flies. Foods likely to ferment should be kept in refrigerators or cool places, and not allowed to become stale before using. Milk very readily absorbs impurities from the air or from anything with which it comes in contact such as spoons, cups, pans, etc. Greatest care should be taken to keep the milk pure. When pans are used they should be thoroughly scalded after being washed and then placed in the sunshine. The best way is to keep milk in clean, covered bottles. It should be quickly set away in a cool place and never needlessly exposed to the air. It should be kept cool up to the time of using it, and it should *never* be exposed to flies. The cause of much sickness among children in the summer, particularly intestinal troubles, is the use of impure milk. That is one reason milk stations are established in big cities where milk can be delivered pure, and where nurses give instructions to young mothers.

In country homes where people keep a cow and set away the milk in pans, the greatest care should be taken to have pans, cupboard, safe or refrigerator very clean and cool. The room also should be very clean, with whitewashed or calcimined and bare walls, and no soiled clothing of any kind or old things in storage, should be allowed in the room. Milk or food spilled on shelves will soon contaminate the air.

"Where a baby is bottle-fed, every time the feeding bottle and nipple are used, they should be rinsed in luke-warm water, washed in hot water, to which a small amount of washing soda has been added, and then scalded. Never use a rubber tube between bottle and nipple, or a bottle without rounded corners."

"If a case of typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, or other contagious disease breaks out in the family, do not return any bottles to the milkman except with the knowledge of the attending physician and under conditions prescribed by him."

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the duty of the citizen as to public health?
2. Name some of the conditions which contribute to public health.
3. State how the home may be protected from flies.
4. How may the cause be promoted?
5. What about public health committees?
6. What about your drinking water?
7. Is the supply in your place of residence of the right quality?
8. If you can not get the best kind of water what should be done?
9. What about the use of natural ice?
10. What about the care of domestic animals?
11. Tell something about the danger of flies to human food.
12. How should food in general be cared for?
13. Why should great care be taken with milk?
14. State four important facts in caring for milk.
15. What is one of the great causes of summer sickness among children?
16. Tell something about caring for milk in country homes.
17. How should milk be cared for when a baby is bottle-fed?
18. What about milk bottles at a time of contagious disease?

CARE OF THE CHILD.

Fourth Week.

The child is a wonderful being. From his first sharp cry on entering the world to the end of his period of development, he opens up for us problem after problem. The care of young infants is a matter that receives more attention from the medical profession now than ever before, and the trained sisterhood of nurses that bless the modern communities remove many dangerous pitfalls from the baby's path.

The reason for our care and attention which we bestow on our helpless little one is not alone that he may be fed when he hungers, and put to sleep when he is weary, but we also wish him to grow to complete manhood, strong and beautiful; to reach

maturity, serene, cheerful and happy. Back of the solicitude with which we provide for him pure air, proper food, a clean skin and sufficient sleep, is the purpose of developing a good physique and strong nerves. Incidentally we wish him to acquire a good disposition which shall make the best of life's problems and turn all experiences to some useful purpose.

During the second year the principal food must be good, wholesome, cow's milk. After the fourteenth month of age, most healthy children are able to digest milk in its plain, unmodified form; an additional food element may now be supplied by the various cereals; these should be made into a thin gruel or jelly, strained, and mixed with milk.

When the little one has demonstrated his ability to digest these articles, he may have a little clear soup, from which the fat has been removed, now and then, as a change of diet; next a well baked apple, stewed prunes and orange juice may by degrees be allowed. As the summer approaches, stale wheat bread, or toasted biscuit which has been dipped in milk should take the place of the gruels, especially if there is any looseness of the bowels. Next he may have a poached or soft-boiled egg. Naturally all these things are not to be given at one meal.

The necessity for cleanliness is not the only reason for regular bathing. The simplest and most natural means to insure the healthy activity of the skin is by the daily common-sense use of a very little pure soap and plenty of water, regulated according to the condition of the child. All children should be bathed daily, and the habit of bathing that is usually begun directly after birth should be continued through the whole of the little one's growing life. The person who bathes the child should wear a large apron, made preferably of Turkish toweling. This should not take the place of the large Turkish towel with which to dry the baby. Baby's towel must be thoroughly clean and warm before being used. Be sure to use a table on which to bathe the baby.

The eyelids should be carefully cleansed and all secretions removed from the corners, and the eyelashes; the ears may be thoroughly washed, but without sticking any pointed object into their canal. The mouth may be washed with a fine piece of linen and a very weak solution of boric acid.

The principal activities of a child are absorbing nourishment and obtaining rest. This principle of sleep or rest may be found in the normal action of every part of the body. Take for example, the heart, which seems to be working ceaselessly but which has a well defined period of rest, amounting to about one-half second between each relaxation and contraction of its muscular tissue. One would be quite exact in saying that during this period the heart *sleeps*. Objection should be made to the habit of allowing the babe to sleep in one position during the whole night;

from the first day of life the child should be placed on its side when sleeping and from time to time should be changed from one side to the other. A child should never be awakened in the morning by any other means than through the natural admission of light into the bedroom. That is the only permissible way of arousing babies and children, thus causing no shock to the tender system. Babies should not be nursed at irregular periods, but should be nursed, bathed and put to sleep on the stroke of the clock. It is difficult to restore health and vitality to a child or a man who has been neglected and maltreated in infancy and early childhood. The child is helpless in the mother's hands. Let her see to it that she attends intelligently and wisely to the needs of her innocent, helpless babe.

QUESTIONS.

Why should mothers study the nature and constitution of child life?

What is the baby's first requirement?

What comes next?

What is the safe food for babies under a year old?

What diet would you suggest after the first year?

How was it with your children?

How often should baby be fed?

What do you think about babies over six months nursing during the night?

Why should a child sleep till nature awakens him?

What advantages are there in nursing the baby regularly? In putting him to bed without rocking and at the same hour?

How did you train your babies?

EXTENSION WORK IN CACHE STAKE.

Cache Stake. In the Cache stake the Relief Society has for some time been conducting an Extension Division for the purpose of doing helpful work along special lines. During the year of 1915, this department raised $196.72 for luncheon served at the County Fair. It also received as donations from clothing firms and individuals $468.57 worth of new clothing, which it has joyfully distributed to those in need. The department also received in donation $300 worth of worn clothing and shoes. This clothing the committee cleaned, altered, mended and pressed before distributing it to worthy individuals. Seventy-five tons of coal was donated to the department by a generous coal dealer and was wisely distributed by the committee.

To My Mother.

On Her One Hundredth Birthday, April 3, 1916.

When I was weary, as a little child,
You closely watched with loving eyes and mild,
To see and learn what hurt or troubled me,
As trustingly my head lay on your knee.

You taught me, lest some fear my soul should haunt,
"The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall not want."
O! that each little child might early hear
And learn of "love that casteth out all fear."

When first a song welled up from my small throat,
Your ear, delighted, quickly caught each note;
Like mother bird surprised with fledgling wing,
You made me feel your joy that I could sing.

When adolescence, budding in my heart,
Caused cheeks to flush and nerves to quivering start
With impulse strange which nature must obey,
You knew and safely piloted the way.

In reaching grave maturity's estate,
When my heart's tendrils blindly sought its mate,
Your love still guided me all dangers past,
And helped me find the truest, best at last.

Your home is Heaven now; in mansions fair
Father and you still mention me in prayer,
And that safe influence will lead me on
'Till, sometime, I shall go where you have gone.

L. Lula Greene Richards.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."